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VANDYK.

THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM AND HIS BRIDE.

41, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 11

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## THE BUDGET

M. STANLEY BALDWIN proceeds from one success to another. His Budget has been generally welcomed as sober, sound and practical. His calculation was that the surplus for this year would be about £76,000,000; the surplus for the last financial year had been automatically swallowed up by the National Debt. With the surplus that he budgeted for he is making a fair attempt to give every class some advantage. Half of the surplus is to be applied to the redemption of the Debt, and the remission of taxation will cost, in the current year, £34,154,000 and, in a full year, £57,775,000. He has distributed the relief of the taxpayer in a way to affect the greatest possible number. The income tax, most burdensome of all, comes down from a standard of 5s. to 4s. 6d. in the pound. This certainly is not a stupendous reduction, but it will add something to the weight of the reduction of 1s. made last year, of which the full effects have not yet made themselves felt. The decrease of the Corporation Tax and the scheme for its complete removal will please all those who regard this tax as an awkward obstacle in the way of commercial recovery. In regard to Customs and Excise, Mr. Baldwin has done what was expected of him. The existing duty on a barrel of beer is five pounds; one pound is to be taken off, and it has been arranged that the brewers shall contribute a sixth of the amount required to let beer drop a penny the pint. In doing this the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken a very wise course. Beer is the most popular and the least noxious of drinks. It is pre-eminently the

beverage of the British working man, and the price for a long time has been the cause of great dissatisfaction. It will be remembered that since the days of Wat Tyler beer and politics have been closely associated. The brewers will do well to improve the quality, as there has been as much discontent about this as about the price. At the same time the Chancellor swept away many of the duties on non-intoxicating beverages and those that have only a small alcoholic element. It must come as a pleasant surprise to the West Country that the fourpence per gallon duty on cider and Perry is to be repealed. It was almost a pity that it had ever been found necessary to impose it. Men must drink something, and cider and Perry are pleasant and wholesome without being intoxicating. Also, they are manufactured in this country, so that the money paid for them circulates exclusively among our own people. That table waters should have been dealt with on similar lines was demanded by justice.

The most remarkable as well as the most satisfactory feature of the Chancellor's speech lay in the evidence it afforded that the country is at length beginning to recover from the deep wounds it received during the war. He characterised the year as one that got better as it proceeded, and then he went on to enumerate the signs by which he established this generalisation. Trade, both home and foreign, had improved; unemployment had decreased, although it still remained a grievous national burden. General revival of confidence might be inferred from the steady appreciation of Government securities. He also found a striking indication of this general improvement in the Post Office Savings Bank deposits. Last year, during the months of January, February and March, the withdrawals greatly exceeded the deposits. This could mean nothing less than that the working classes, who are the main customers of the Post Office Savings Bank, could not stretch their income so as to meet their expenditure, which, in many cases, must have been, in the friendly way of the poor, extended to relatives and friends on the brink of destitution. In the corresponding three months of the present year the deposits exceeded the withdrawals by more than £1,250,000. That is a fact which speaks in itself of the real recovery which is being made in the national prosperity. Facts such as these are of far more significance than the apprehensions begotten out of too vivid and pessimistic imagination. Slowly, it well may be; but, surely, the British Empire is recovering from the effects of a world disaster for which history can point to no equal.

Another feature that must, on the whole, give satisfaction is the evidence that the axe of Sir Eric Geddes has been not in vain laid unto the root of the tree; in other words, there has been a welcome saving in the expenses of national service. The chief items are, £27,000,000 on the Fighting Services, £55,500,000 on Civil Votes, and £6,000,000 on the general provision of £25,000,000 made last year on Supplementary Estimates. Thus, the yoke of economy has been placed on the neck of national service, with a marked effect on revenue. The tone of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will confirm the general belief that national economy has not yet touched its limit.

The least satisfactory parts of the speech are those in which postal rates are dealt with. It is true that the rates are decreased, but only in so far as the present postage will cover a greater weight. There is no return to the penny post, which a few years ago seemed an unalterable part of the Constitution, nor was there divulged any intention on the part of the Post Office to meet the reiterated demand that the rates on parcels, especially those for the carriage of home-grown produce, should be lowered so as to encourage the small-holder and, at the same time, afford to the urban dweller an easy and inexpensive method of obtaining articles of diet, fresh and full of vitamins, directly from the land. Nor was there disclosed in the speech any scheme for dealing with agricultural distress.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and His Royal Highness the Duke of York, whose marriage on April 26th will be the occasion of heartiest congratulations.

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## COUNTRY NOTES.

**N**EARLY all shades of newspaper opinion have endorsed the items in Mr. Baldwin's first Budget. Perhaps the most striking support is that which comes from the *Manchester Guardian*, which sets forth the doctrine "that the heavy toll levied on the taxpayers during and since the war is at last bearing fruit." A Chancellor who can with one hand remit £34,000,000 off taxation and with the other hand £40,000,000 over for debt reduction is in a good position, and the new Chancellor acted his part well. His style of oratory is particularly suited to such a theme as the Budget, which deals with matters wherein common-sense and clear thinking are more in place than passion or eloquence. The Chancellor evidently did not set himself out to rouse and persuade his audience in the manner of some of the great Chancellors of the past. He spoke more as the chairman of a great limited liability company expounding the sources of loss and gain, the sources of revenue and policy for the future, all correlated in the glow of a business head. His design was, apparently, that the majority of His Majesty's subjects, on reading the Budget, should feel a little happier. We suppose that the income-tax payer is the largest tax-paying class in the kingdom, and the least grateful member of it would admit that it was better to have sixpence taken off than sixpence laid on. If there is any tribe more numerous than the income-tax payer it is that of the beer drinker, and to him comes the thought that his glass of beer is to cost a penny less.

**T**HIS controversial topic which the Chancellor introduced with the lightness and ease that seemed to assume that there was little need for argument was the proposal to tax betting. In the provinces more than in London there has been a vast amount of discussion over this matter. Most of those who have written letters to the papers assume that betting is in itself immoral, so that, if the State were to obtain revenue from it, it would be recognising the unclean thing. Surely, this is only an outbreak of puritanism. If two men choose to bet on a horse race or an event of any kind, there is nothing at all wrong in the act itself, and the State's recognition of a practice that no eye is blind to would surely do good rather than evil. It would certainly bring to an end many of the corrupt practices associated with betting. In a country such as this the return from such a tax ought to be enormous, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin has taken a very wise course in appointing a select committee to consider the question at once. A betting tax would be easy to impose, but difficult to collect.

**PRESIDING** over a meeting of landowners and sportsmen at Llangefni, Sir R. H. Williams-Bulkeley, Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, gave a striking account of the manner in which poaching is increasing. It is now organised on a scale which was rare in days gone by, and it has been greatly helped by the coming of the motor car and the motor cycle, but the main reason for the increase in poaching just now is, no doubt, the vast number of unemployed. The object of the meeting was to form a

Game Protection Society with the object of checking poaching. Mr. Westropp Dawson dwelt on the cruelty of those poachers who use steel traps. He said that motor car raids were common, and the poachers did not experience any difficulty in disposing of their plunder. Anglesey has long been noted for the number and audacity of its poachers. They used to exasperate the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, who, when shooting at his Welsh home at Penrhos, could not avoid driving the pheasants from one covert to another over a little bay. Natives and visitors seemed to think it quite legitimate sport to go out in boats and intercept these fugitives, nor did there seem to be any legal redress.

**C**ONSIDERING that fifteen thousand acres are being devoted to the beet crop this year in the Midland and Eastern Counties, and that two thousand farmers have signed contracts for areas averaging  $7\frac{1}{2}$  acres, it is good news that the principle of co-operation is gradually being applied to this crop. When the Kelham Factory was started in 1921 a flat rate per ton of washed and topped sugar beet at the factory was offered. In 1922 the thin edge of co-operation was introduced, when a price per ton was offered plus one shilling for each half per cent. of sugar over  $15\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. For the present season the offer to farmers is still more of a co-operative character. Forty shillings per ton is adopted as the standard price, but one shilling, or a fraction of a shilling, per ton is added for each one shilling or a fraction of a shilling of "the average sale price of sugar" per cwt. over 40s., and the same proportion deducted when the price is less than 40s. If the percentage of sugar rises above  $15\frac{1}{2}$ , two shillings and sixpence is added for each net ton, and the same amount is deducted if the sugar content is less than 15 per cent. It is worth noting that a considerable number of applications have been refused because the factories can only deal with a given quantity of roots. Other factories will have to be built in order to meet the growing demand for their use. It looks as though the beet-growing side of agriculture were being placed upon a very sound basis.

## APRIL 23RD.

On such a day was Shakespeare born . . .  
Then bloomed the earth, then flowered the thorn ;  
Larks on daylong wing  
And cuckoos called the spring ;  
Plumes arched and blossoms wreathed the morn :  
Shakespeare was born.

On such a day he died . . . O sheen  
On dazzled bough, on living green !  
Larks on daylong wing  
And cuckoos called the spring ;  
Still glad the earth, still fair the scene ;  
Shakespeare had been.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**A**LTHOUGH it is becoming late for setting potatoes, our readers will be well advised to plant at least their usual quantity of seed this year. The reason for that lies in a possibility of less coming from the farmers. The British farmer is nearly always shy of following a crop that has been a failure to him with an equal acreage in the following year. Last season was, from the growing point of view, a splendid one for potatoes. Everybody who grew them at all obtained a maximum crop, and, in consequence, the price dropped so low that the return did not pay for the cost of cultivation. It almost invariably happens that a shortage follows a slump, as few farmers have the courage to go on with a crop that has cost them money instead of bringing it in. Amateurs are still in good time for planting. Mr. Dennis, who long reigned as the Potato King, invariably declared that, much as he liked to have his potatoes in the ground during March, he made it a practice to wait till May unless he could plant them with a good tilth. There are not many districts in England in which there is a good tilth at the present time, though it may become so before the present month ends.

"OUR great Shakespeare," as the Germans say, is, on April 23rd, to be commemorated in England. Three hundred years ago appeared the first collected edition of

his works—The First Folio; and, although the date of publication was November 8th, the day of Shakespeare's death and presumed birthday, April 23rd, is being taken for the celebrations. We publish elsewhere an account of this book, which, after the Authorised Version of the Bible, is probably more cherished and has exerted a greater influence on the English language than any other. Periodically occasions arise for us to remember Shakespeare the man, or the dramatist, or the actor. But, for all that may then be said, it is from the printed page that Shakespeare rules his kingdom—wider far than the small groups who are fortunate enough to see his plays performed in these days. Take the folio simply as a book. There is no book, not even the Bible, that is being so constantly reprinted in every size and form. With publishers it is an open secret that a "Shakespeare's Works" or a series of his plays will always sell. And it is the appearance of the first edition of Shakespeare's book which we commemorate, and are thankful for, this week.

THE bed of St. James's Park lake has lately resembled nothing so much as the Panama Canal in course of construction. Swarms of men, scores of carts, steam rollers dwarfed by the scale of their labours, and huge erections, a mixture between the Tower of Babel and a teapot, render the scene very astonishing to watch. For long the Tower of Babel teapot engines baffled the crowds; they held aloof and took no part in the universal activity; their immensely long pendulous spouts were tied up to some distant tree to be out of the way. Meanwhile the old bed of the lake was broken up and crushed down; a layer of gravel was superimposed, and, finally, a wickerwork of iron rods was, and is still, being laid all over the gravel. The laying of this network was the signal for those towers to bring their spouts into action. Great crowds gathered to discover their purpose; engines appeared to be working in the body of the towers. Suddenly a large receptacle was seen ascending the interior of a tower and, on reaching the top, to tip up and pour its contents down the spout. It was liquid concrete, and a row of men waited tense at the spout-tip, with wheel-barrows, one behind the other, ready to catch the flow and convey it to the required spots. By this time quite a large area will be covered.

THIS year's pronounced "boom" in squash rackets culminated last week in the final of the newly instituted championship, in which Captain T. G. O. Jameson beat Mr. J. E. Tomkinson. It is not unfriendly to the winner to say that on sentimental grounds the victory of Mr. Tomkinson would have been welcome. For years before the war he was unapproachably good; had there been a championship, he would have won it every year, and it would have been pleasant if he could have been the first champion. Squash is a game that makes severe demands on activity and physical fitness, and Mr. Tomkinson is so far a veteran that he played rackets for Eton with Mr. Baerlein. The court at Lord's, moreover, is one in which it is peculiarly hard to kill the ball, and the rallies between good players must be of great length. If, therefore, Mr. Tomkinson was to win he had to win quickly; and this his opponent was too good to let him do. In the result, after one game won by either side, crabbed age was "cooked" and youth came through with scarcely a stagger. Captain Jameson kept his greatest speed for this last game, showing fine judgment, and playing in unbeatable style at the crucial moment, and he is to be congratulated accordingly.

IN the first article on the Duke of Westminster's estate, which is published on another page, room could not be found for any mention, however brief, of the celebrated Berkshire pigs which form a feature known all over the world. At the last sale there was a record set up when a Berkshire sow, Eaton Belle 2nd 20251, was sold for £640 10s., thus making a world record for the breed. A Berkshire gilt, Eaton Winsome Lunn 22475, was sold on the same day for £525, the world's record for a young female of the breed. In the herd of to-day there are animals quite as good, if not better, and it will be extremely

interesting to see how the prices of April, 1923, compare with those of April, 1920. We believe that the records will probably be beaten, for the simple reason that the progeny of those animals which sold so well in 1920 have done extraordinarily well at the various shows, winning male, female and supreme championships, first prizes, cups and other prizes at the R.A.S.E. Show, top prizes in the bacon classes at the Smithfield Club Show, and numerous first and championship prizes at many of the provincial shows. It will, therefore, be no surprise if the prices obtained in 1920 are exceeded. The demand for the highest class of pedigree pigs is as strong as ever. It is based on the scarcity of this kind of stock in middle Europe. The supply of pigs was exhausted during the war, and it has not been possible up to now to replenish the herds. That is the fundamental fact on which the calculation is based that high prices for the tip-top animals will prevail for a long time.

#### A PORTRAIT.

The ears set just a little bit a-tilt,  
Listening—as winging the young urgent brain,  
Not faun-like, pointed, bestial,  
But set as wings upon a Hermes' helmet,  
The skull itself the cap,  
The ears the wings:  
Those ears the manual-sign  
Of God's most lovely things;  
Of eagerness, of hope, of straining youth,  
Of mercurial buoyancy—  
And Truth.

ANNE F. BROWN.

EVERYBODY interested in diet, and particularly in the diet of children, should read the report of an enquiry made on behalf of the National Farmers' Union by Mr. E. W. Langford, J.P. He is Chairman of the Milk and Dairy Trades' Committee, and, last year, in company with Dr. Robertson of Birmingham and Mr. Gurden of the firm of Wathes, Cattell and Gurden, milk distributors, of Birmingham, made a tour in the United States to study the conditions of milk production and distribution in that country from the point of view of public health. In the course of the investigation several facts came out that showed a violent contrast to exist in some respects between Great Britain and the United States. The first is that the consumption of liquid milk in America is about three times that in this country. In the United States, generally speaking, it is considered that a good consumption of milk is conducive to health. They also believe that the richer milk is best to drink, and, indeed, the general basis of the sale of milk by the producers is the butter fat content.

THE commissioners also found that American householders take much greater care of the milk while it is in the house. That is a matter of very great importance which we neglect systematically in this country. The yield per cow in America is not nearly as large as it is here. In 1921, for instance, the average yield per milk cow in America was 383 imperial gallons per annum, inclusive of milk for calf rearing. The corresponding figure for Great Britain was 447 gallons. It would scarcely be practicable to set forth the whole of the differences between English practice and American practice with regard to milk, but from what we have said it is obvious that there is much need of propaganda work being done in this country. The average household should consume quite three times what it consumes to-day in liquid milk, and it would be better if the manufactured forms were also much more popular. We were very much struck by the remark of the centenarian who was interviewed at the completion of his hundredth year. He was asked for some hint as regards the best manner of completing a "century, not out" in life. In reply, he attributed it to two agents—plenty of fresh air and plenty of milk. On someone telling him that he or she could not drink milk his rejoinder was, "You should learn to." Milk, when clean and pure, is a good diet for old or young.

## BRIDESMAIDS at the ROYAL WEDDING



Russell  
THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE.



Speaight.  
LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.



Instead.  
MISS BETTY CATOR.



Elliott and Fry.  
THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON.



Russell.  
LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.



Central News.  
THE HON. ELIZABETH ELPHINSTONE.



Instead.  
LADY KATHARINE HAMILTON.



B. Park.  
LADY MARY THYNNE.

## THE DUKE OF YORK'S NEW HOME



WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

**I**T is not, perhaps, generally known that the house to be occupied by the Duke of York and his bride is the birthplace of the Prince of Wales. During the eighteen-nineties White Lodge was the home of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and during 1894, when Her Majesty, then Duchess of York, was staying with her father and mother, the happy event took place.

White Lodge was designed as a compact Palladian building, beautifully sited in Richmond Park, looking down a broad expanse of sward lined by ancient oaks, called the Queen's Drive. Exactly which queen it is named after is not very clear, but

tradition points to Queen Caroline, of whom White Lodge is said to have been a private residence. Woolf and Gandon state that the centre part of the building was erected by King George II and was intended as a rural retreat for Queen Caroline. This would date the centre block before 1737, and it appears to have been designed by the ninth Earl of Pembroke, who here, as for his own Palladian bridge at Wilton, had the professional assistance of Robert Morris, who, being, with his kinsman Roger an architectural writer, would, naturally, recommend himself to an amateur. The centre block, containing all the chief reception-rooms, must have been little more than a hunting lodge.



THE GARDEN FRONT.

When, therefore, Princess Amelia, daughter of George II, was made Ranger of the Park and took up residence here the house had to be enlarged. Morris had disappeared from active life before that time, contenting himself with literature, and so we find Stephen Wright, at that time master mason to the King's Board of Works, called in to design the additions. These consisted of two pavilion blocks, connected to the house by quadrant passages, which passed in front of the original entrance door to form a long vestibule. In 1761, however, the princess had made Richmond so uncomfortable for herself that she resigned the Rangership and the house, whereupon the work on the wings was discontinued. Lord Bute seems to have succeeded her and to have had the wings completed in 1767 or soon after.

Subsequent occupants have been Mr. Addington, later Lord Sidmouth, who received here two memorable visits. The one was from Nelson in 1805, when the admiral traced on a table with a finger dipped in wine the tactics he subsequently used at Trafalgar (the table is now preserved at Up Ottery Manor). The other was from Pitt, just before his death. The Duchess of Gloucester for a time resided here, and Queen Victoria retired hither for a season after her mother's death.

After the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, White Lodge was for a time occupied by Mrs. Hartmann. Lord Farquhar has been the most recent tenant.

On entering the front hall proper, the staircase is on the right and the dining-room on the left, while, before, lies the saloon, of two-storey height and containing a magnificent chimneypiece of wood some 9ft. broad and 6ft. high, with the initials "G.R.C." presumably for George II and Queen Caroline, in the centre panel. Huge portraits of George III and his queen, of the type that Allan Ramsay repeated so often, hang on either side the great doorway to the hall. At the left end is the drawing-room and at the other the library, a charming room, which the pillared screen at one end suggests was originally the dining-room. The treatment of the coffering in the ceiling behind the screen is admirable.

The saloon has a great Venetian window giving on to a flight of steps, whence the way across the lawn leads to a view-point contrived on the raised wall and looking away down the Queen's Drive.

A more charming house, both for historical associations or beautiful surroundings and appearance, could with difficulty have been found for the duke and his duchess.



FROM THE FORMAL GARDEN.



THE SUNK GARDEN.



THE STAIRCASE TO THE SALOON.

## BIG GAME ON THE FILM



EXQUISITELY GRACEFUL.

**M**AJOR DUGMORE, with his film now showing at the Polytechnic Hall, Regent Street, has demonstrated once and for all that there is no method of illustrating wild life equal to the moving pictures. To say that to see the film is as good as being in Africa is to underestimate the case absurdly. Of the inhabitants of Africa not one in a million—it would be safe to say ten millions—has seen

wild big game at close quarters. It requires a Major Dugmore to do that. Our readers knew something about him long before this film was thought of, as in pre-war days he contributed to the pages of COUNTRY LIFE many illustrated series of which one of the most remarkable was that on caribou in the issue of June 7th, 1913. He is an adventurer who is also an artist. It was in both capacities that he heard and answered the call of



BENDING ITS LOVELY HEAD TO DRINK.



GRANT'S GAZELLES.

the wild. To realise that, one had only to note the emotion with which he narrated the story of his overpowering desire to come to close quarters with the wild giraffe. He recognised in him the most absolutely beautiful of untamed animals. That was the vision that led him on, but it was strengthened by the knowledge of the difficulty. For the giraffe is almost unapproachable. Major Dugmore was fortunate enough to have his ambition gratified, and the gods, when they granted his request, did so in no niggardly fashion. They, as it were, smilingly filled his basket—if that metaphor be not too homely a description of the manner in which numbers of giraffe appeared unexpectedly before his hide. Not only so, but they showed their paces and proved themselves no mere lanky long-necks, as they do in a stiff picture, but graceful beyond description. The neck, far from being abnormal, is beheld as a supple and most eloquent adjunct to the fine body and exquisitely graceful legs. No wonder Major Dugmore came near weeping tears of joy when he saw the beast, which had previously only been a creature of his imagination, step into the water, spread out its fore legs till they

resembled two lines of an equilateral triangle, at the same time bending its lovely head to drink. The spectators showed by their applause that they participated in the artist's joy at the realisation of his dream. By their jumps, capers and shy or playful starts those beauties of the wild seemed to transport the whole of the audience to mysterious Africa. It was, indeed, very difficult to keep in mind the adventurous photographer, so carefully and completely hidden, though, as he told us, his heart at times was beating ten—or was it forty?—to the minute.

Thoroughly was one absorbed in watching the wild animals with the bloom of the wilderness on them as they went about their various occupations as though aware that they were seen only by friendly eyes. That, of course, is nothing but metaphor. They were ignorant, and they were being deceived. Of the impressions these pictures left on the mind, the first was that the alertness and suspicion of the animals are the result partly of their internecine quarrels, but much more of their terror of man, who does not fight with tooth and claw, but with a weapon he can use at a distance. Anyway, it was obvious that, whether



ORYX AND GRANT'S GAZELLES.



A FAMILY OF BLACK RHINOS.

the animals inhabited earth, water or air, they were always on the look-out for enemies. Another matter to which the lecturer directed attention was the extent to which wild animals were troubled by insects, a fact testified to by their twitchings, wagging of tails and scratchings. Jonathan Swift, in one of his uncompromisingly realistic poems, refers to a certain service being recognised as a lover's courtesy during rest time. Little birds do it to the wart-hogs (even as the starlings to the sheep); the film showed them settling on and flying away from the heads of the grateful quadrupeds.

More pleasing than any fact of this kind, however, was the delight of noting the grace and vigour of the wilding on its native heath. A home-staying Englishman, if asked what among animals are the most graceful, would probably answer: the thoroughbred horse, the deer and the hare. He would not be so confident after seeing this film. Very seldom do big-game sportsmen, to whom we owe the most accurate description of big game, observe them from only a few yards away, though they may often catch sight of them feeding in the distance or rushing from their neighbourhood. Here the animals can be observed at perfect ease, though they are very wary in approaching

their drinking pool. First place would probably be given to the antelope as the most beautiful mover; but everything shown on the screen had an excellent and natural gait—except, perhaps, the monkeys, in whose rabbit-like hop there is always something amusing, though one would hardly call it beautiful. Weight and strength, as exemplified in the wild elephants, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, carry with them a touch of that stern beauty which one associates with a modern battleship. The picture of a rhinoceros disturbed from sleep is the result of extraordinary luck. The animal reminds us of a large healthy schoolboy unwillingly summoned from bed. At any rate, it has the bemused look of one just called from dreamland.

The portrait of one of the lions, taken by flashlight, has an interest akin to that of the newly awakened rhino, though he was very much awake indeed, his attitude and stiffened sinews showing that he was caught just as he was going to leap. It was evidence that the photographer had a very narrow escape. Luck was on his side, as, if he had delayed a moment, he would have been in the lion's embrace. Fortune, however, favoured him throughout the enterprise. It showed him, for example, that where a carcase was, the vultures had gathered



THE LARGE EARS AND GREATER SIZE DISTINGUISH THE AFRICAN FROM THE INDIAN ELEPHANT. BOTH SEXES CARRY TUSKS.

together and enabled him to obtain a moving picture of their quickness in skeletonising a dead beast. Occasionally, too, it brought a nocturnal animal into the daylight and the pictures. Yet, his was not the luck that showers favours on the undeserving. There can be few men living who could have carried out this tremendous work so successfully. In the course of illustrating the wild fauna of Africa, Major Dugmore has illustrated the Dark Continent itself. Not that he has attempted the impossible. The continent is too large. It is one in which journeys are measured in thousands of miles. Major Dugmore had previously informed himself of the localities suitable to his purpose and has given the example and the essence rather than the bulk. What labour he endured may be judged by a film of the porters employed on a six months' trip. Provisions for that time had to be transported by natives, and what appeared to be an endless

procession loaded up for the journey passes across the filmy stage. A great deal of the photography is at or near water, in the shape of drinking pools or rivers. Very fascinating are the results in both cases. On one river is shown as rickety a bridge as ever bore a passenger—a thing of string and sticks so casually joined together that it seems as though the crossing itself was a kind of miracle. Many glimpses of native life are given, and the entertainment ends most appropriately with a native dance, which, among other things, shows the native with a look of more capacity and strength of character than might have been expected. At least, that is one's reading of their massive heads and faces.

Major Dugmore does his lecturing in a very natural way. He does not attempt anything ornate, but, on the other hand, never fails to make himself clearly understood. His exhibition is sure to attract increasing crowds the more it is shown.

## THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ESTATE AND LIVESTOCK

### 1.—THE LABOURER'S LADDER AND A VISIT TO STALLION TOWN.

**A**T the present moment the Duke of Westminster's flocks and herds are second to none in the United Kingdom; but before attempting to describe them it may be of interest to say a few words about the management of the estate as far as it affects the workers on the land. It should be said that my visit was made in the last week of March and that pleasing evidence was afforded that the district is highly favourable to cultivation in a wet year such as the present. On the cold, clay counties the continuous rain was, to a large extent, retained, so that spring ploughing in the puddle was inadvisable. "Plough clay in the wet," says a well known owner of hard clayland, "and the land will owe you a five years' grudge." But the valley down which flows the beautiful and legendary Dee has a fertile soil. Such rains as have fallen this year agree splendidly with its constitution: the advanced condition of the trees made this apparent. It forms part of the famous damson country which extends to Shropshire, where it is at its best. The damsons were in what we Southerners call full bloom, but the natives use a prettier and an older word. To them it is always the "flourish" of the damsons. Nobody remembers a finer "flourish." One saw it in distant orchards like a foamy sea. Near at hand the trees stand at regular intervals in the field hedges, so that the green grass or young wheat was like a picture in a white frame. Barring the arrival of a late frost, the crop should be one of the greatest ever gathered. The damson is hardy, but whoever prophesies about an orchard in this climate of ours should "touch wood." The word "flourish" has an obvious connection with "flower" and "flowerage." The latter word is not identical with "flourish," however. "Flowerage" was used by Carlyle in the sense of outcome—"as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it." "Flourish" is often used by old writers as the blossom of a tree—"A fair flureiss fadit by a falty tre." Perhaps the most illustrative quotation is that from Boyd's "Battell Soul" published in 1629: "The tree is first seene in the budde and then in the flourish, and after in the frute."

The extent to which damsons are grown is indicative of many departures from ordinary husbandry. The crops in many cases are those we associate with market gardening. Not only does the damson do well, but so also do the great fields of strawberries, early potatoes and cabbages. Vegetables are sown in considerable variety, on the principle that if one fails another may prosper, and the returns are greater than in ordinary farm crops. Of course, there are many good markets within easy reach, which is a convenience from the selling point of view, and the Cheshire hills and the Welsh mountains shelter the district, providing conditions grateful to the market gardener. It is difficult to say what part is played by the River Dee. It is a great attraction for boating and picnicking parties, whose coming was already heralded in the week before Easter. There is a right of way along the bank, derived from the time when the traffic was considerable in horse-drawn barges, for which a track ran along the bank. It is a river that resembles an extremely beautiful woman who is addicted to fits of temper. Only a few days before my visit the Dee had threatened the dwellers on its banks by developing a very heavy flood in the most beautiful and cloudless weather. That a river should rise without any special reason in the way of rainfall seemed to be at least a curious phenomenon, but the explanation was easy. The Dee runs out of Bala Lake, and a tempestuous wind had

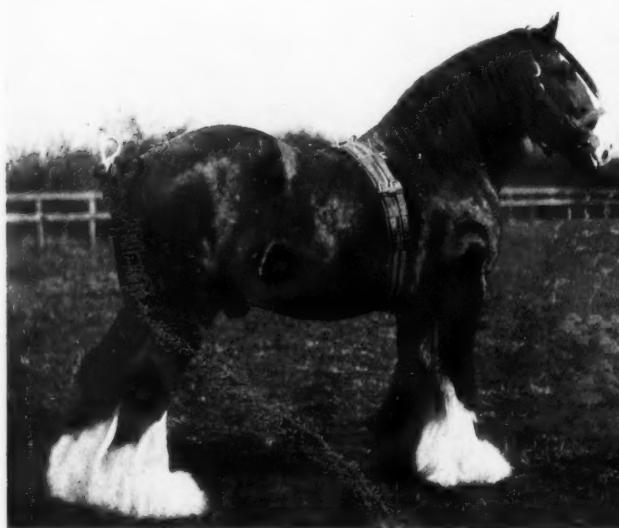
literally blown the waters of the lake into the river channel till the stream rose to a tremendous height and spread over the low meadows.

It was not surprising to find in the country of the Grosvenors that special attention has always been paid to the welfare of the labouring man on the estate. The key to it is to be found in the "shippon" attached to each cottage. "Shippon" is at least as old as the poet Cædmon, who sang his spiritual hymns in one more than twelve hundred years ago. Only in a few districts is it still applied to a farm building in which such animals as sheep were in the old time and cows in the present time are kept. It would be well if every peasant in the country at the present moment was able to keep a cow, and on the duke's estate special and most suitable means were adopted for his doing so. The system is as effective as the "three acres and a cow" which was once a political war cry, and it is less costly. In addition, it is the bottom rung in the ladder, provided for the purpose of enabling the labouring man to work himself into a better and still better position according to his industry and ability. It has to be considered in relation to other arrangements. The estate is, in the first place, well supplied with allotments. These in old times used to be nearly worthless because of the manner in which they were neglected, but in 1860 they were cultivated and brought round and have been kept in good cultivation ever since. On the Eaton estate the holdings are graded from 1 acre to 300 acres, and out of a total of 354, practically speaking, two-thirds are of 1 acre or less, the exact figure being 229. A cow to an acre would be a fair allowance if the acre were wholly devoted to raising food for the animal, but, of course, that is never done in practice.

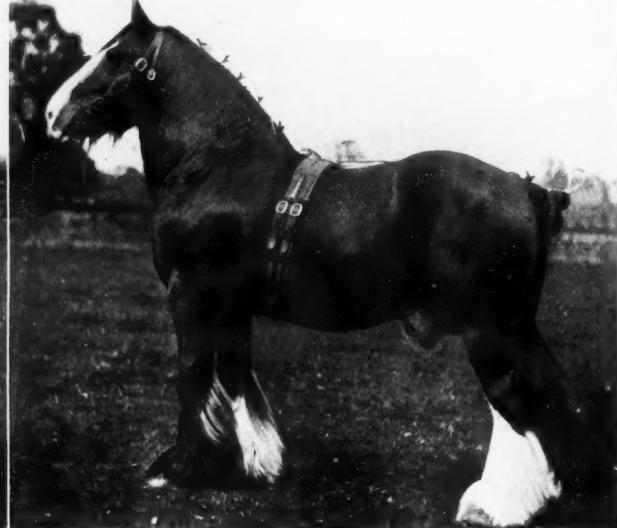
The enterprising allotment holder, who has come to be a great power since he realised the pleasure and profit of gardening amid all the difficulties of the war, has more profitable ways of disposing of his produce than that of feeding cows. What he wants for the cow is grass, which the late Mr. Jesse Collins at one time thought might be provided by the formation of common land. That would have been going back instead of forward. The system on the Eaton estate is to have for letting purposes mowings and leys. Fields for the purpose are laid out in long strips of an acre each, so that they remind one, in a rough way, of what the open field must have been in mediaeval times. The cottager, then, may obtain a good supply of hay by taking a mowing. In Aldford the ley field has an area of 58 acres, whereon for a very moderate payment the cows may be pastured, and there is an additional 80 acres available to the man who has one or two heifers. Now, in any large system such as this there will be found tenants, some of them quite good tenants, who do not take kindly to keeping animals and use the shippon for any purpose for which it is handy. They may store coals or wood in it, or utilise it in any other way. On the other hand, there are men and women with a natural gift for managing animals, and if their shippon is too small for an increasing number of animals, they can, in most instances, obtain the use of another by paying a very moderate sum for it. In addition to the leys there is a somewhat larger place for mowings in which the worker can have his acre at a low rate. Added to these advantages is that of hiring an allotment, which varies in size from a quarter of an acre to 10 acres; the holder often goes further than that, but then he is emerging from the allotment-holder class and making progress to becoming a

considerable farmer. That, roughly speaking, and without going much into detail, is an outline of the ladder that has been provided for the working man on the Eaton estate. Another place of first-class importance on the estate goes under the name of Stallion Town, because it houses one of the most famous shire studs in the United Kingdom. The Eaton

Stud was founded in the time of the late duke, but the present duke is responsible for that extension which has given it a position so magnificent. It originated in the purchase of several mares from the late Lord Rothschild's famous strain, and at the present time there are over eighty shires in the stud, and included in this total are twenty stallions holding breeding



PREMIER TOM III.



BURSCOUGH FRIAR.



MARDEN QUEENIE.



MARDEN MARGA.



EATON FRIAR TUCK.



CELTIC MONARCH.

G. H. Parsons.

*Copyright.*

SIX OF THE BEST.

licences from the Ministry of Agriculture. Many of these stallions are hired out each year and a few are retained at home to represent the Eaton stud on circuit. Great things have

already been accomplished, but with ordinary luck the future should be greater still, as among the young animals are many of exceptional merit.

## THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE

**O**N November 8th, 1623, was entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company the greatest book in the English language, "Mr. William Shakspeares Comedies, Histories and Tragedies." The tercentenary of this event is being celebrated on April 23rd, which is the day of Shakespeare's death and the presumed day of his birth. The collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was not published until seven years after his death, and represents what may be termed the authorised version of his works. Shakespeare assumed responsibility for only two of his published works, the "Venus and Adonis," first printed in 1593, and "Lucrece," printed in 1594, both of which were dedicated to his friend and patron, the Earl of Southampton. Of the first edition of "Venus and Adonis" only one copy is known, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This book, in view of the enormous sums recently given for Shakespeariana, may, perhaps, be described as the most valuable printed book in the world. It will be remembered that in 1919 the sum of £15,100 was given for a small volume containing the fifth edition of "Venus and Adonis" (1599) and the "Passionate Pilgrim" (1599); and a still larger sum is said to have been paid for a similar volume containing the "Venus and Adonis" (1599), "Lucrece" (1600), a fragment of the "Passionate Pilgrim" (1599), and two other poetical pieces not by Shakespeare. Both of these treasures were secured by American collectors.

The plays of Shakespeare which were printed during his lifetime were published without his sanction or co-operation. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times an author had no means of retaining control over his literary property; the publisher alone was protected. A member of the Stationers' Company, by payment of a fee, could print any book he liked, provided he respected the rights of his fellow members. At the time of his death, in 1616, Shakespeare had written thirty-seven plays, of which sixteen had found their way into print, but of these some were mere travesties of their author's originals.

After Shakespeare's death there was obviously an urgent need to perpetuate his work in print, and Isaac Jaggard, in conjunction with Edward Blount, William Jaggard, John Smethwick and William Aspley, undertook the printing and publication of a collected edition of his plays under the editorship of two of Shakespeare's personal friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell. Primarily it was a commercial undertaking, and the editors made that quite clear in their Address to the Reader—"Well! It is now publique, and you wil stand for your privilidges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best command a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixpen'orth, your five shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy." The First Folio contains sixteen plays which had already been printed, and twenty printed for the first time, namely, "The Tempest," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," "As You Like It," "All's Well," "Twelfth Night," "Winter's Tale," "Henry VI" (part 3), "Henry VIII," "Coriolanus," "Timon," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "King John," "Henry VI" (parts 1 and 2), and "Taming of the Shrew." Only eight of the previously published plays were used by Heminge and Condell. Three of these, "Love's Labour's Lost" (1598), "Merchant of Venice" (1600) and "Romeo and Juliet"

(1609), were reprinted with scarcely any alteration; the remaining five were printed from copies which had been annotated and corrected for stage purposes. The twenty plays printed for the first time were derived from manuscripts in the custody of the King's Players; it is considered unlikely that the editors had access to originals in the autograph of Shakespeare.

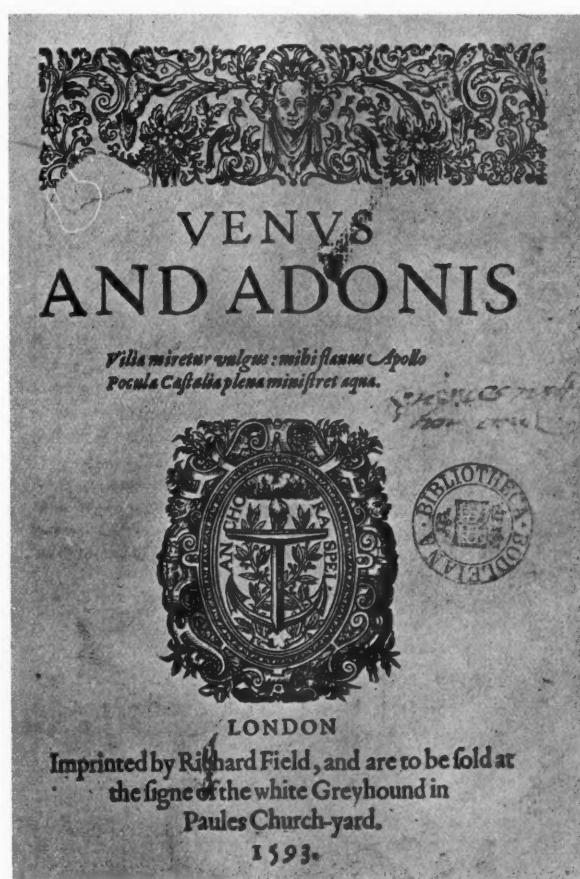
The First Folio is a book measuring about 13ins. by 8ins., about 2½ins. thick, and containing 454 leaves, each page being divided into two columns. The book is in four parts, the first containing the preliminary matter; the plays follow, divided into comedies, histories, and tragedies, each division having a separate pagination. One curious editorial feature is that the plays previously printed are placed in the middle of sections, evidently on the principle that the freshest fruit should be at the top of the basket.

The First Folio was published at £1, and it is conjectured that about 500 copies were printed, of which nearly 200 are known to be in existence. About half of these are in the United Kingdom and half in America. Only three copies are definitely known to be in Continental libraries. In one sense, therefore, the First Folio cannot be described as a very rare book; but Sir Sidney Lee, in his "Census," states that only fourteen copies can be described as in a perfect state, "that is, with the portrait printed (not inlaid) on the title-page, and the fly-leaf facing it, and all the pages succeeding it, intact and uninjured." It must not be supposed, however, that all the copies are absolutely identical. Bibliographers and collectors, in these days, do not readily admit the existence of duplicates, especially in respect of books published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In fact, some authorities are inclined to deny the very existence of duplicates. The chief difference between copies is connected with the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare on the title-page. This portrait exists in early states, of which three specimens are known—one in the Bodleian, one in America, and another in a copy of the First Folio recently acquired by the British Museum. The early states of the portrait can be identified by the absence of shading on the right-hand portion of the collar below the ear. The other differences are chiefly of a minor typographical character due to corrections being

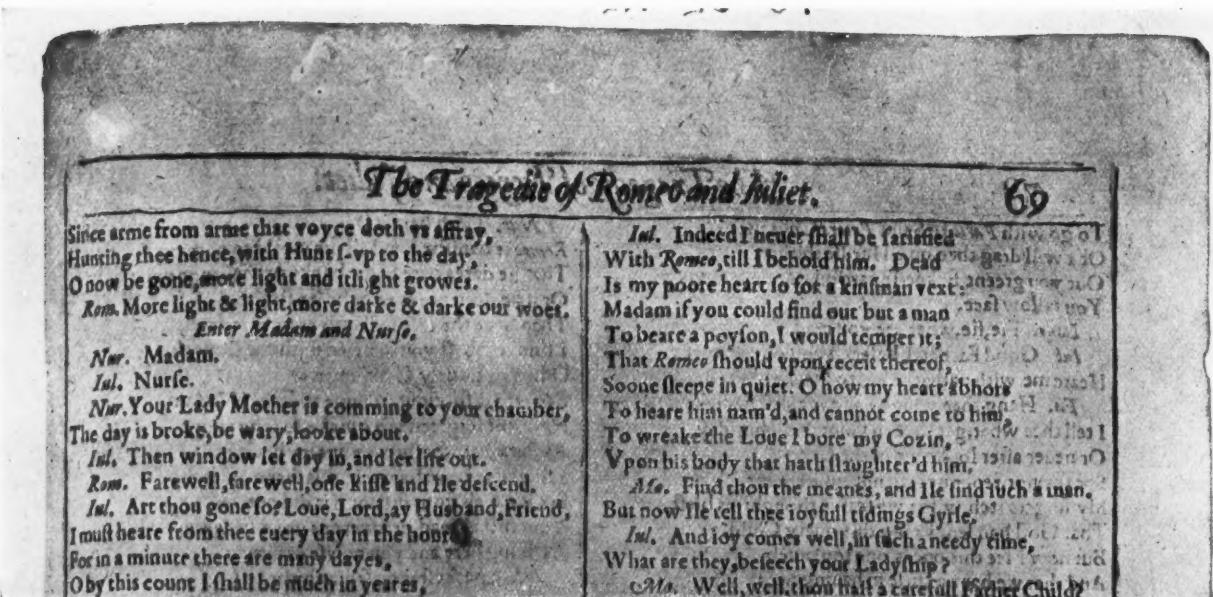
made in the text while the sheets were being printed off, and to the shifting of letters when the type was being inked. As an absolute duplicate might be difficult to find, Mr. Folger, who is credited with possessing several copies of the First Folio, has bibliographical justification for his collection.

If anyone wishes to know the value of a First Folio, no definite answer can be given. Everything depends on condition. The book has shown, for more than a hundred years, a steady tendency to increase in value. In 1787 a copy fetched £10, in 1819 £121 10s. About the year 1850 a fine copy was worth £200, while at the end of the nineteenth century the value had increased to £2,000—£3,000. In 1907 the record price of £3,600 was reached, only to be exceeded in 1922, when Mr. Rosenbach gave £8,600 for a copy. Recently Messrs. Quaritch advertised the First Folio, together with the Second (1632), Third (1663) and the Fourth (1685), for £17,500. One might safely say that an absolutely perfect copy of the First Folio in contemporary binding, with no defects, and with an early state of the portrait, would be worth about £15,000.

One of the most interesting copies of the First Folio is that in possession of the Sibthorp family. This copy has a contemporary inscription on the title-page stating that the book was



TITLE-PAGE OF THE ONLY KNOWN COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PUBLISHED WORK.



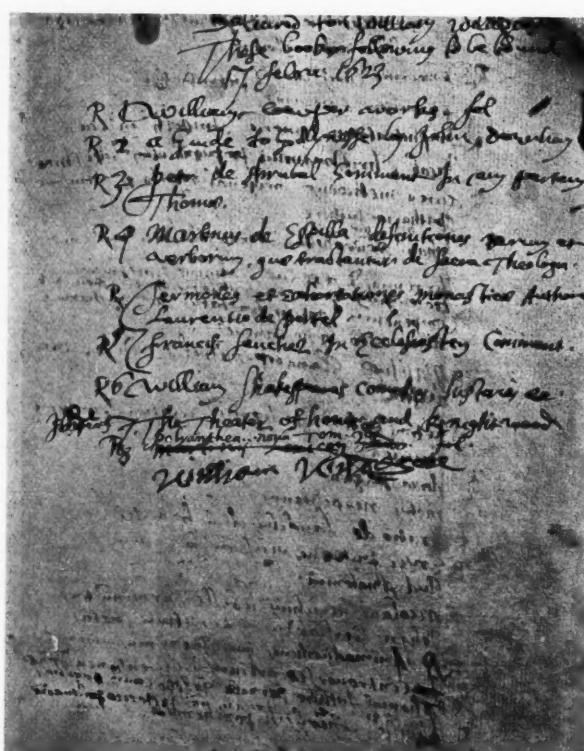
PART OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL BODLEIAN FIRST FOLIO.

a gift from William Jaggard in the year 1623. It appears from a heraldic stamp on the binding that the copy was presented to Augustine Vincent, a well known writer on heraldry, whose book, "Discovery of Brook's Errors," Jaggard had printed in 1622. But the most interesting copy of all is, probably, the "Turbutt" Shakespeare, now in the Bodleian Library. This is the actual copy of the First Folio sent in sheets by the publishers for permanent preservation in the Bodleian Library. It was sent in accordance with an agreement made by Sir Thomas Bodley with the Stationers' Company in 1610, by which, in return for a gift of silver plate, the company undertook to deliver to Bodley's Library a copy of every book entered in their registers. The book was sent for binding to William Wildgoose

on February 17th, 1624. It was returned, given the shelf-mark S.2.17. Art., and chained in the Arts End, where it remained until 1664, when it was, presumably, sold as a "duplicate" of the Third Folio (1663).

In 1905 Mr. G. M. R. Turbett brought to the Bodleian a First Folio which had been in the possession of his family for about 150 years. Mr. Turbett wished to get an opinion as to the possible repair of the volume, and it was shown to a member of the staff who had made a special study of ancient book-bindings. The Library official immediately recognised the binding as seventeenth century Oxford work, and calling to mind the entry in the Bodleian binder's book under the date February 17th, 1624, quickly produced convincing evidence that the book in question was the actual copy which had been sent for binding to William Wildgoose. In 1906 it was purchased by public subscription for £3,000, and restored to the Bodleian.

The Turbett Shakespeare exhibits, both without and within, a considerable amount of wear and tear, but all the injuries are of a kind which could only have happened to it when chained in the Bodleian from 1624 to 1664, and not when it was in the possession of the Turbett family. As Mr. Falconer Madan has pointed out, "the volume has not been subjected to private usage. Had it been so, the sewing of the volume would have given way to a marked degree. As it is, the volume is firm and



THE PAGE OF WHICH PART IS REPRODUCED ABOVE, SHOWING THE WEAR AND TEAR. (Size about 13½ ins. by 8½ ins.)

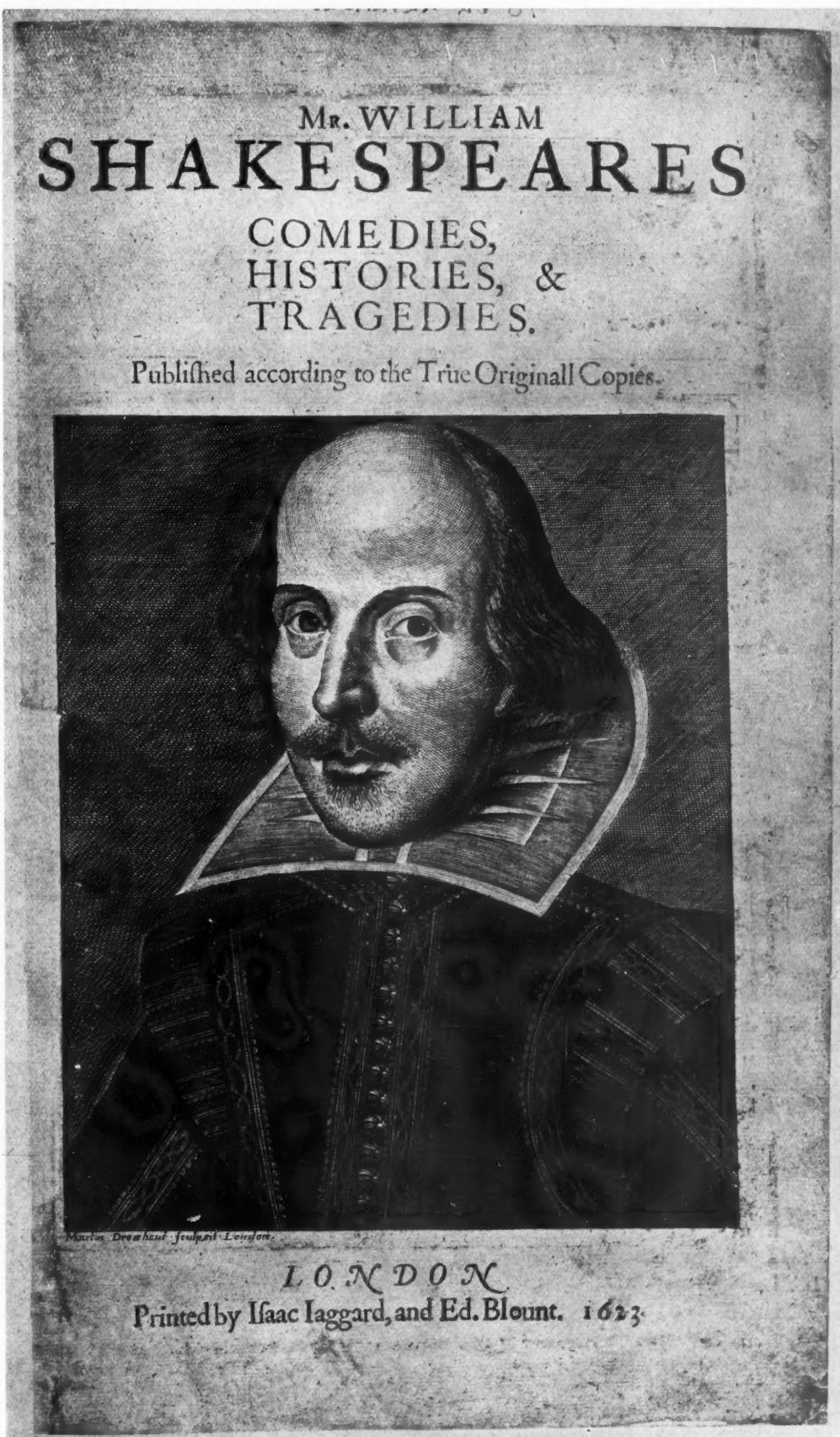
A BODLEIAN BINDING LIST, SHOWING THAT THE LIBRARY COPY OF THE FIRST FOLIO WAS SENT FOR BINDING ON FEB. 17TH, 1624.

sound at the inner margins, and this can only have been due to the fact that, although it was very much used and fingered, yet it was all the while *chained, in a public room*, where it could not be taken on the knees, knocked about, or left unguarded from day to day." During the forty years the book remained in the library it was kept in a part frequented by junior members of the university. A minute examination of the volume shows that the plays which exhibit most wear and tear are "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Caesar." It will be noticed that the page here illustrated has been fingered until the paper in the

lower right-hand margin has actually been *worn* away, but not torn. As Shakespeare had no place in academical studies, one must assume that there were many idle undergraduates even in those days.

The Tercentenary Celebration of the First Folio commemorates the greatest book in the English language, the energy of the printer and publishers, and the editorial efforts of John Heminge and Henry Condell, who preserved and did their best to edit their fellow-actor's work, and, on the whole, did their work well.

S. G.



TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE.  
The book measures about 13ins. by 8ins., is about 2½ins. thick and contains 454 leaves.



**I**N last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE it was explained how Townhill Park, as we see it to-day, had grown by successive extensions from a house of the 'forties ; and some account was given of its exterior and interior features. There now remain the gardens to be dealt with, and it is necessary to explain how these in turn have been evolved.

When, in 1910, Lord Swaythling first added to the house, there were no gardens worth mentioning, with the exception of a medium-sized kitchen garden boasting a wall of mellowed brick. On the west side of the house, where now we see such an attractive lay-out, were a winding path or two, some disconsolate shrubs of common sorts, a splendid mulberry, a cork tree, and a number of elms of good age. On the north side was pastureland and on the south and south-west was a thick

clump of old chestnuts and other trees, which screened the old barn and stables.

The aspect of the house as it then existed was somewhat peculiar, the main front, a little north of west, having been set to face the most open view. A new forecourt just large enough for a car to turn in took up the north front. The drive approached awkwardly from the south.

A study of this disposition at once made it evident where the new gardens should be. The initial requirements were simple—a terrace, a rose garden, some good herbaceous borders, two tennis lawns and a croquet lawn. These were arranged in a fairly symmetrical scheme on the west side of the house, difficulties of varying levels and existing trees having been overcome by introducing a slightly undulating second terrace at natural levels somewhat as was done on a much larger scale at Drummond Castle. A reference to Mr. Guthrie's plan (page 539) will make this clear. The old mulberry tree came into its own in a fine position on the first terrace, and the cork tree was so carefully preserved that one of its branches pokes through a hole provided in the open-air dining-room.

Two or three years later Mr. Guthrie designed a further extension of the scheme to the west, comprising a sunk garden surrounded by a pergola and approached across a bowling alley, with some little formal gardens and a herb garden beyond, this portion of the scheme being flanked by trees symmetrically planted, but leaving the view open to the west across the Hampshire countryside.

The old drive from the south soon proved inadequate and inconvenient. A new road, about a mile long, was therefore laid out, not without difficulties as to gradients ; and an even more serious problem as to foundations had to be faced where the road passes over ground little, if anything, above the Itchen, and just—and only just—above high-water level at spring tides. These various difficulties, however, were satisfactorily overcome. In designing the planting scheme for the road Mr. Guthrie combined with it a successful scheme for the extension of the Swan Copse, adjacent to the grounds, a woodland walk being formed through it. The road roller needed for the making of the new drive came in handy to improve the field on the north side of the sunk garden, this being intended for use as a



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1.—FROM TERRACE TO FORECOURT.

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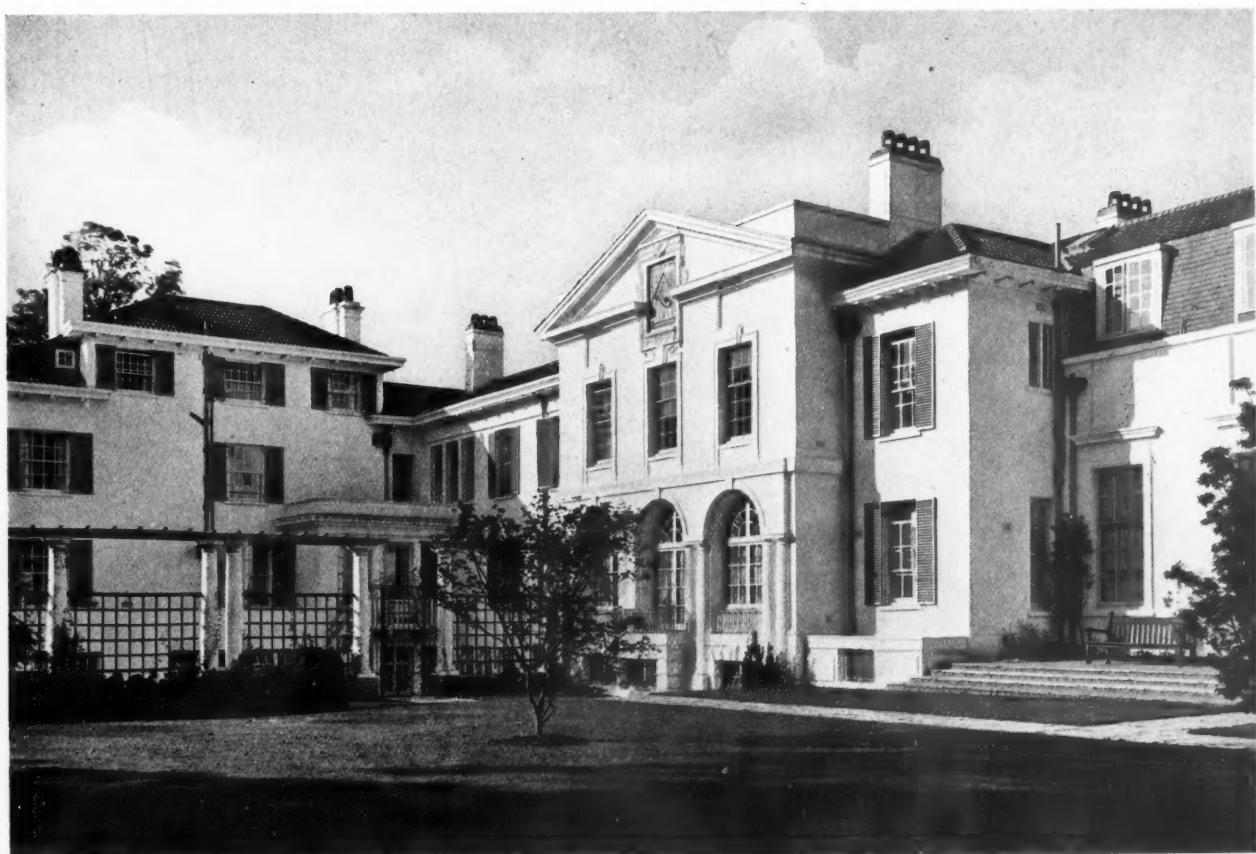
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2.—ENTRANCE FRONT.

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3.—SOUTH FRONT.

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4.—BETWEEN THE SUNK GARDEN AND THE HERB GARDEN.

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—THE HERB GARDEN.

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539



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6.—PERGOLA AROUND SUNK GARDEN.

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7.—VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE SUNK GARDEN.

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April 21st, 1923.



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8.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE SUNK GARDEN.

"C.L."



9.—DETAIL OF PERGOLA AND WALL AROUND SUNK GARDEN.



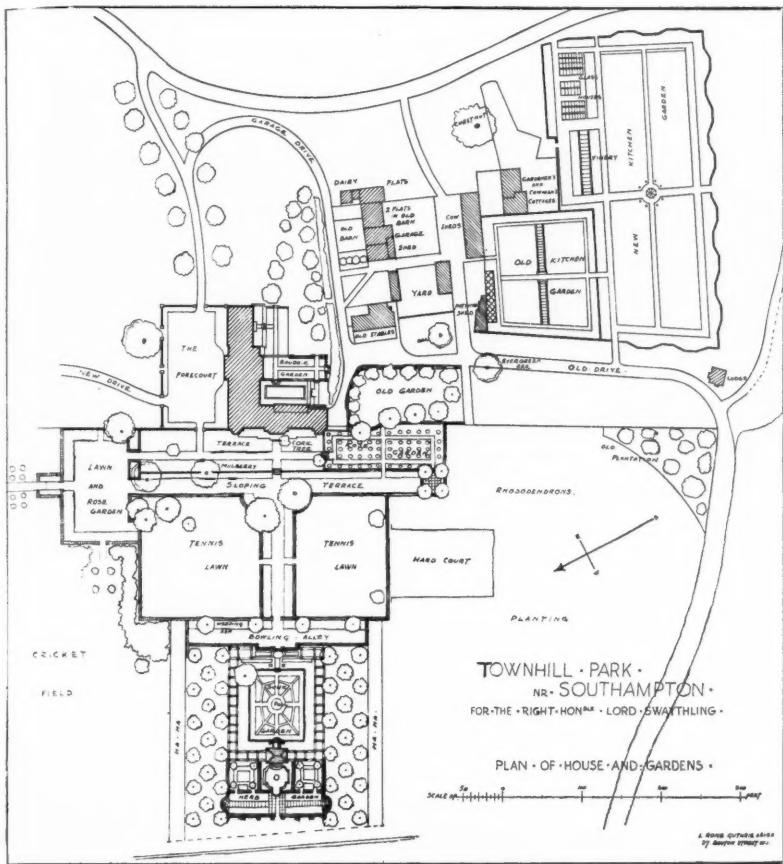
10.—LOOKING OUT FROM PERGOLA TOWARDS HERB GARDEN.

cricket ground—a place, indeed, where many a tough match has been played; and apart from the interest of the spot as a setting for the game, it is inviting to anyone who has a mind for sauntering and the quiet appreciation of landscape and cloud.

Further opportunity for exercise and pleasure was given by the making of a hard tennis court to the south of one of the grass lawns; and round and about this side of the grounds Lord Swathling is now engaged in laying out a fine plantation of rhododendrons—those great bushes which have such an absorbing attraction for many garden lovers. One does not plant rhododendrons casually. They exercise a positive fascination, with their wondrous colourings and varieties. So it is not surprising that, once their beauties become fully appreciated, there should be so many people who think them the finest things of all to grow.

What has been said above about the lay-out includes the major portion of the gardens at Townhill Park, but there is a very large area to the east and south taken up for the most part by kitchen gardens. Before, however, going on to speak of these, it is necessary to say something about the garden immediately adjacent to the south side of the house. This is called the boudoir garden, inasmuch as the boudoir looks out on to it. The development of the house in two stages set certain problems here. The old basement kitchen, facing east, had been incorporated in the wing which was first added on the south, a wide court, slightly below basement level giving light to this and to the new additional kitchen offices. When the boudoir and music-room wing was planned, necessities of aspect thrust it out at right angles to the line of the kitchen wing, and the garden was formed in the space enclosed between the house and the old stables and barn. The trees screening the latter were thinned out, and a scheme was worked out which involved the pulling down of the old stables, with the idea of forming a large simple garden at two levels, extending from the boudoir windows down to the north wall of the old kitchen garden. There were many difficulties in the way, but, undoubtedly, the aspect of such a garden would have been pleasant, the gable ends of the old outhouses providing a boundary to the east, and introducing that touch of homeliness which only old buildings of pleasant quality can bring. A considerable objection to the proposal, however, was the cross-traffic towards the kitchen entrance; and in the end it was found desirable to retain the old stables—a pleasing little brick building dating probably from the end of the eighteenth century—and to limit the size of the new garden to its present dimensions. The screen of columns seen in the view from the south-east divides this garden from the paved court which extends outside the kitchen offices, and incidentally adds interest to the scheme.

The building work involved going down so deep with the foundations under the boudoir that provision was made for a future billiard-room in the space. The ground level in the adjacent garden was lowered 2 ft., and a range of three windows formed under



the arched boudoir windows. This variation during the progress of the work cannot have been an easy matter to tackle, and it greatly affected the design of the garden; but it was successfully worked out, and the result is good and interesting. On this side of the house, set within a pediment, a large wall sundial has been placed. It is of painted and gilt copper, with delicate arabesques, and there is a winged cherub above to crown it. This sundial is a feature of special interest as seen from the boudoir garden.

Turning to the kitchen gardens, it will be seen from the plan that there are two, adjoining one another—the old kitchen garden, of comparatively small size, and the large new kitchen garden, opening out of it. The additional area was necessitated in conformity with the large extensions to the house which were carried out in 1920. This was a time when the prices of materials were near their peak, and a brick wall 10ft. high out of the ground and 90ft. long was a formidable item. Mr. Guthrie thereupon set out to consider various other ways of forming a wall, and ultimately he decided on the use of 4in. hollow bricks. But, obviously, a 4in. wall, if built on a straight line, would not withstand a gale of wind. Mr. Guthrie therefore designed an irregular wall in bays 15ft. long by 10 ft. high, forming on plan a succession of recesses about 5ft. deep and about 44ft. across, a 13½in. pier being built at each angle to give stiffness. Glass anti-frost coping was fixed to both sides of the walls running north and south, and on the sunny side of the walls that run east and west; a stout wooden coping giving some additional stiffness to the structure.

The long light walls thus constructed stood up nobly against some really severe gales immediately after the work had been completed, when the cement mortar was still green, and there has never been from the commencement any sign of settlement or collapse. Both faces of the wall are wired for fruit, staples having been built in

as the work proceeded. The recesses provide alike shelter and a variety of aspects for different fruits. The whole effect is businesslike and satisfactory, and the method adopted is interesting as an example of economical building.

Of the outbuildings that come between the kitchen gardens and the house, a word or two of explanation is needed. The old stables, which, as has been said, form a dignified little building, remain, though somewhat too near the house. The loft was converted into a useful set of rooms for manservants. Near by stands the old barn, with its thatched roof, a pleasant glimpse of which is gained through the trees of the boudoir garden. There is no longer any need to use it for its original purpose, so the centre part has been transformed into a garage, and the east end of the structure has been floored and divided into two small flats, the upper of which is reached by an outside stair.

Adjoining the barn is a new block of two cottages and dairy, over which it was intended to carry the line of thatching of the old barn, but the tyranny of local by-laws prevented this. Parallel with the barn is the old cowhouse, linked to the north wall of the old kitchen garden, and near it, again, the head gardener's and cowman's cottages have been rebuilt on their old site—very simple in design, but showing a quiet quality of walling gained by the use of old narrow bricks found in the inner walls of the old cottages.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



Copyright. II.—VIEW IN KITCHEN GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE." Showing a new use of hollow bricks for the enclosing walls.



Copyright. 12.—DAIRY, FLATS AND BARN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

## WINDFLOWERS

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Anemones, which droop their eyes  
Earthward before they dare arise  
To flush the border, . . .

says the poet, and says truly, for I believe there is no exception to his general statement. The point is really one in the argument between the gardeners and the botanists, as to whether you are to reckon hepaticas as anemones. I shall come to that presently, and here will only point out that hepaticas do *not* droop their eyes—or hang their heads, as I should prefer to say. Let that be remembered when the scientist tries, as he is so fond of doing, to browbeat the mild Arcadian. Except for that remark, I do not call to mind that the poets have sung about the windflowers. None of them has likened his young woman to a windflower. Meleager, indeed, when he is paying a compliment to his Zenophile, pointedly leaves it out.

Now bloom white violets, now the daffodils  
That love the rain, now lilies of the hills,

he begins; and what lilies those could have been, unless they were lilies of the valley (which sounds absurd), I do not know. But how could he talk about spring flowers in his country and leave anemones out? It is true, he was a Syrian; but politics do not interest anemones. No one is to tell me that Asia Minor is without Anemone fulgens.

Fulgens is the typical Greek anemone, anyhow, as coronaria always seems to me specifically Italian. It is a wonder of the woodlands—as of those between Olympia and Megalopolis, or of the yet denser brakes about Tatoi, where the late Constantine

used to retire and meditate statecraft. Blanda, the starry purple flower of eighteen points, is commoner in the open. Nothing more beautiful than the flush of these things under the light green veil of the early year can be imagined. The gardener in England who can compass anything like it is in a good way. Luckily it is easy, for these are kindly plants, seed freely, flower in their first year, and are not so affected by climate as to change their habits to suit our calendar. Do not grow them in wood if you want them early. Our woods, *in quella parte del giovinetto anno*, are both cold and wet. Put them in the open, in light soil sloping to the south, and you will have as many as you want. One thing I have noticed about them is that in England fulgens is constant to its colour, whereas in Greece there are albinos, pure white and very beautiful, with black stamens. The pairing of those with the staple has produced a pink fulgens of great attractions. I have imported it, but it has not spread, and the seed of it comes up scarlet. Blanda has no sports, and is so prolific that, if it is much grown in soils that suit it, very probably it will become a naturalised British subject. Here it is a weed.

Our own pair of windflowers is not nearly so easy to deal with as those two Aegean tourists. Nemorosa will only grow happily in woods, and even there does not readily transplant. Pulsatilla is subject to winter rot, as anything which lies out at nights in a fur coat must expect to be, and it reacts immediately and adversely to a rich soil. Now, nemorosa grows in the fields in Germany, even in water meadows; Pulsatilla in Switzerland will stand any amount of snow. But the snow in Switzerland is as dry as salt, and no flower objects to a flood when it is beginning to grow. The enemy in England is wet at the slack time. The best way to treat Pulsatilla is to grow it on a steep slope, for that is how it grows itself.

Talking of nemorosa, there is a harebell blue variety of it which I have seen, but never had, and, of course, the yellow ranunculoides, to be met with in Switzerland, though it is not a widespread plant. I found a broad patch of it under some trees on the edge of Lake Lugano: a clear buttercup yellow, not a dirty white. I do not call it an exciting plant, all the same, and am perfectly happy without it, and to know it is the only truly yellow anemone that exists.

No offence, I hope, to the great sulphur anemone of the Alps, a noble windflower indeed. I know few things more exhilarating than to round a bluff and find a host of it in stately dance. And I know few things less so than to try to dig it up. I have devoted some hours to the pursuit, notably after a night spent at Simplon Dorf. I rose early and toiled till breakfast. I had an inefficient trowel, bought in Florence, and an alpenstock, and with them excavated some two feet of Simplon. At that depth the root of the sulphur anemone was of the thickness of a reasonable rattlesnake, and ran like the *coda* of a sonata, strongly, and, apparently, for ever. Something had to give, and it was the anemone. I coiled up what I had, brought it back with me in a knapsack, and made a home for it among my poor rocks. Nothing to speak of happened for two years, except that it let me know that it lived. Then came a spring and a miracle. The sulphur anemone burgeoned: that is the only word for what it did. Since then it has never failed, though more than once the rocks have been rent asunder. In what goes on underground, this anemone is a tree.

I do not forget—am not likely to forget—coronaria, which in its (I must own) somewhat sophisticated form of Anemones de Caen is the glory of my blood and state in the little hanging garden I now possess. I own, it seems, the exact spot it likes. It is thoroughly at home, and proves it by flowering practically all the year round. In the dog-days, I do not say. But who cares what happens in August? Except for that waste month—the only one in the almanac with nothing distinctive to report—I believe I have hardly failed of a handful of coronaria. Since Christmas I have not failed of a bowlful, and at this time of writing it is out in a horde. Wonderful things they are: 9ins. high, 4ins. across, with a palette ranging from white through the pinks to red and crimson, through the lilacs to violet and the purple of night. There are few better garden flowers. Untidy? Yes, they need care. Too free with their seed? They cannot be for me. I am open to the flattery of a flower's confidence, as (still) to that of a woman's. Another thing to its credit is its attraction for bees, with the range of tint and tinge



ONE OF THE FINEST ANEMONES: THE CLEAR-CUT STARS OF APENNINA.

which that involves. Your whites will be flushed with auroral rose or clouded with violet; you will have flecks and splashes of sudden colour, the basal ring of white—whence comes its cognomen, *annulata*—will be sometimes invaded. Even the black centre with its stamens is not constant. I have one with a pale green base and stamens of yellow. With these fine things fulgens goes usefully and happily. *Coronaria* has no such vermillion. A bank of the two together growing in the sun can be seen half a mile away, and will not look like scarlet geranium if there is a judicious admixture. To qualify that dreadful sophistication called "St. Brigid" I shall serve myself of W. S. Gilbert's useful locution: "Nobody," he said, "thinks more highly of So-and-So than I do; and I think he's a little beast."

*Apennina*, I think, wants a mountain. I should like to try it in some favoured ghyll in Cumberland; and some day I will. I have it on a lawn, and have had it for many years. There is no less, but no more, than there ever was.

It does not seed. The two colours, china blue and white, are delicious in partnership, though the blue is not so good as that of *blanda*, and the white not quite so white as *nemorosa*'s.

And what am I to say of hepaticas, and how *eraser* the botanists? Who am I to deny them with my reason—entirely satisfactory to myself—that the *feeling* of the two flowers is distinct and separable? What does an anemone imply? A spring woodland on a mountain slope. What an hepatica? A wet cleft in a rock, sodden last year's leaves, ragged moss, pockmarked crust of snow—and out of them a pale star raying gold from blue. The anemone is gregarious, the hepatica solitary; the anemone is a spring flower, the hepatica a winter flower. And lastly, as a gardener, I say, the anemone can be moved and is often much the better of it; the hepatica should not be, and is always the worse. If you plant an hepatica root and leave it alone for fifty years, you will have something worth waiting for—a ring of it as big as a cart-wheel. I have not done it—but it has been done for me.

## GARDEN NOTES

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

IN these days of early spring it is pleasant to see the strong young growths of the perennial plants that are to give us our summer flowers. Some of the first to come have a special charm in their delightful aspect of freshness and vigour. *Galega* and the large white columbine are among the most conspicuous—the coloured columbines have leaves of a glaucous colour. *Myrrhis odorata* (Sweet Cicely) is showing its fresh green fern-like foliage. It is a valuable

A FINE TUFT OF ANEMONE PULSATILLA.

plant for filling up vacant spaces between shrubs and should be much more freely used, for it is one of the handsomest of the garden umbellifers. The large frond-like leaves are fully developed in May, and the spreading head of cream or foam-coloured bloom comes in the same month. As soon as the flower is over it should be cut to the ground, leaves and all, when it will at once shoot up again and retain its handsome foliage through the summer. *Myrrhis* is one of the valued herbs of the old Tudor gardens. Parkinson, in his chapter on the "Manner and Ordering of Herbes and Rootes for Sallets," gives prominence to its virtues. He says of it "Sweet Chervill, or as some call it, Sweet Cis, is so like in taste unto Anise seed that it much delighteth the taste among the herbes in a Sallet . . . the rootes likewise are not only cordiall but also held to be preservative against the Plague, either green, dried or preserved with sugar."

The Lent Hellebores, whose beauty is now waning, are followed by some later kinds, now at their best. *Helleborus lividus*, a native of Corsica, is remarkable for its bluish glaucous trifid leaves with unusually sharp toothing. The flowers are yellowish green, but are conspicuous because they are in large bunches and open flat. The native *H. foetidus* is a handsome plant for any garden, with its very dark, deeply cut leaves; the flower is also greenish, but is of less importance than the foliage. It does well in shady places among shrubs, preferably in chalky soils.

*Pulmonaria saccharata*, lately in bloom, is also a more useful plant for its June foliage than for its March bloom; a careful gardener, therefore, goes round the plants now and cuts out the not very showy flowering shoots, the better to encourage the growth of the handsome spotted leaves. The earlier variety, which has taller, pinker bloom in February, is the one to cherish for its flowers. *P. saccharata* is closely followed by the true *P. azurea*, a really good garden plant. A variety of the native *P. angustifolia* is often sold for it, but the true plant is much better, and though its characters much resemble those of *P. angustifolia*, it is a distinct species. A favourite mixture of the common Dog-Tooth violet (*Erythronium*) and *Corydalis solida*, is now at its best and can be much recommended for some cool, half shady place, where hardy ferns, placed near these little bulbous plants, will cover their space when they make their rather early disappearance.

It is good to see the strong young blades of the irises, with their promise of the grand things they will do for us in June. Besides other iris plantations, there is a special border for June that is planted with them in bold drifts, with lupins and some other flowers of the season. The lupins are some good kinds of the ordinary *L. polyphyllus*, with tree lupins and some hybrids. The beautiful white tree lupin has been a trouble for some years because its weak habit makes it difficult to give it proper support. But last year an overlooked plant taught me that it is best not to support it at all, but to let it lie as it will and treat it as a ground-covering plant not more than a foot high. In this way both the flowers and foliage seem to show to the best advantage.

**The Herbaceous Garden**, by Mrs. Philip Martineau. Fourth impression, revised and enlarged. (Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d. net.)

ONE is glad to see that Mrs. Martineau's book is again in print in an enlarged and revised form, for it fills a well deserved niche among standard books on gardening. Unfortunately, since the war herbaceous gardening on a large scale, always an expensive form of amusement, is beyond the pockets of many whom it used to thrill and delight. Still, there is enough meat in her book to satisfy even those with a "cat run," and particularly valuable is the list of plants suitable for the herbaceous border.



ANEMONE NEMOROSA BOSNIACA IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

# ISLANDS OF CONTRADICTION

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MERL LA VOY.



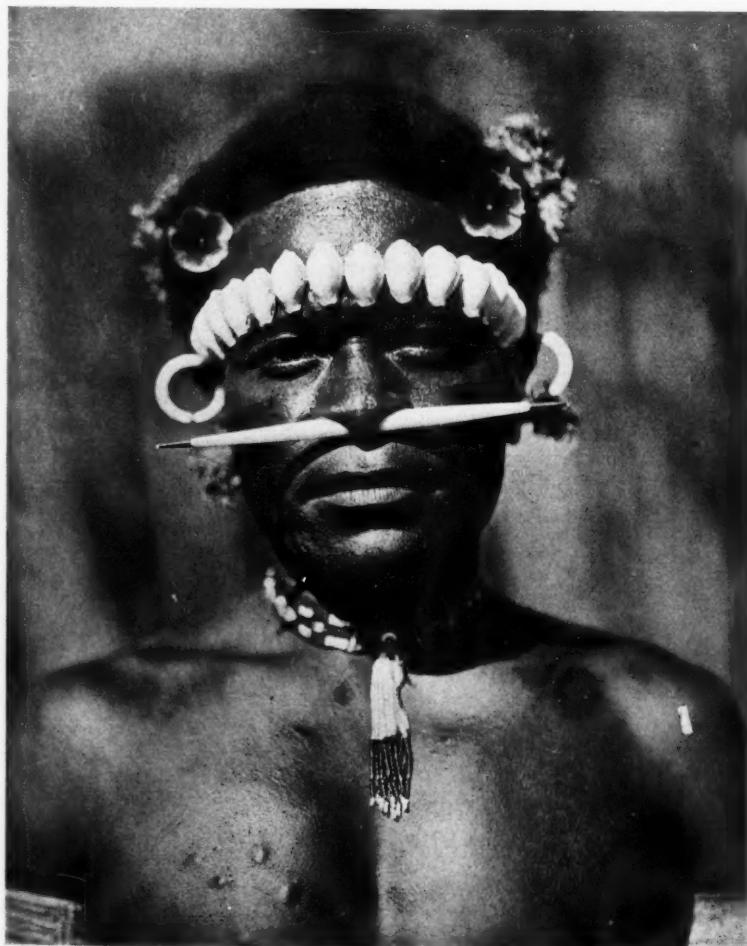
SOLOMON ISLAND SCENERY.

Gavutu, chief copra port of the group.

**T**HAT the Solomon Islands know nothing of politics or debt is one of the pleasantest things that can be said about them in the ears of those who inhabit those other islands of the British Empire where both flourish exceedingly. But the South Seas have their own troubles; in particular, one which is the antithesis of one of the sorest of those which plague us here at home—unemployment. Here we have hands and no employment for them in a country where, if a man would eat, he must work and Nature offers nothing for nothing. In the Solomon Group the difficulty is to persuade the native to work at all as a white man works at home. And why should he? For all his simple needs are very easily supplied in a climate where food is, as it were, ready to drop into his mouth. Since the whole of the group became a British Protectorate under a Resident Commissioner, himself under the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, who is also Governor of Fiji, where he lives, the cultivation of the islands has been expanded very rapidly. But in spite of the fact that the recruiting of labour for places outside the group has been stopped and that the repatriation of the Solomon Islanders from Queensland must have added many to the available number of plantation hands, year by year they grow less and less; and as the birth rate also is declining, the outlook is rather serious. About 50,000 acres in the Solomon Islands are at present under coconuts, and though the introduction of cattle on the plantations to keep down the growth of grass and weeds has enabled more land to be tackled with fewer "boys," very little more expansion will be possible until some solution of the labour problem is found. White workmen will never be able to supply the deficiency owing to climatic reasons, any more than they could in the Malay States, for, as the Islands proverb has it, "It rains every day for nine months and then the wet season begins." The outlook

is not hopeless, however, for the huge untapped supplies of labour which exist in other parts of the Empire where similar climatic conditions prevail could easily be brought in to develop the huge potential wealth of the Protectorate. Naturally enough, your Islander, who has never learned to work, and finds all his needs supplied without working, is not anxious to become a plantation hand. A married man of eighteen years or so would sum up the situation somewhat in this fashion: "Me catchum marry (wife), marry catchum plenty yam, plenty taro. What name (why) me go work along plantation?" Indeed, it is difficult to see why he should. Even the incentive to labour which pride of possession might supply does not exist, for Communism of a very complete and detailed sort holds sway among the Solomon Islanders. A "boy" returning to his own village after his two years on the plantation may bring with him an accumulation of tobacco and trifles valuable in native

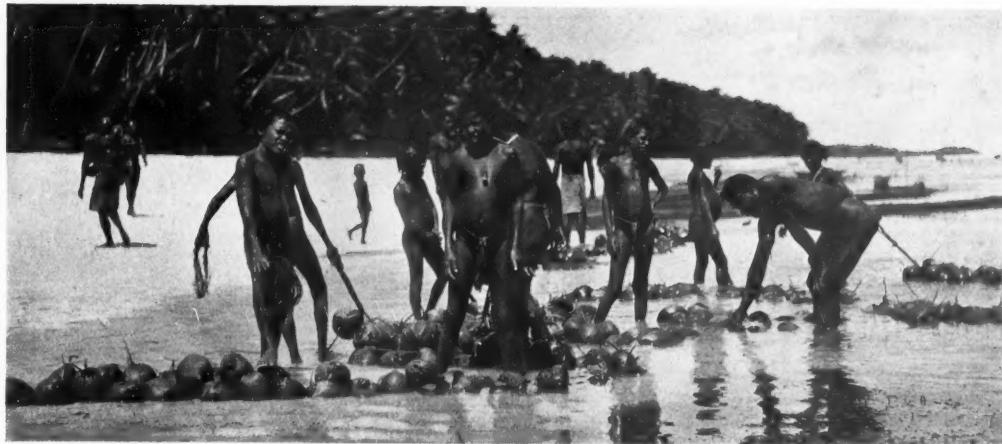
eyes; but within twenty-four hours his friends and relatives will have divided the spoil among them, and he will be lucky if he has even an equal share. The man who has left his lazy life on the palm-crowned beaches to put in two years on the plantation is no better off than the man who has been spending the time in smoking and watching his wives at work. Communism carried out logically deprives the Solomon Islander of one of the very few incentives which might have made him useful to the Empire and is one of the reasons why so often the recruiter tells him of the joys of affluence and honest labour all in vain. With fee for recruiting for two years, and board and lodging and pay, a "boy" costs the planter roughly two shillings a day. Accounts of their usefulness vary; but it is obvious that where the incentive to work is so slight, as it must be to natives of these tropical islands, the employer, in the nature of things, has no means of enforcing energy. One recruiter may bring a "boy" to a plantation—twenty



A SON OF THE SOLOMONS.

masters cannot make him work with any energy against his will. Their industry and intelligence are equally well illustrated in a story told me by a planter who had thought to turn to advantage the possession of a glass eye. His "boys" worked badly when he was not overseeing them, so, with a flash of inspiration, he took out the eye and fixed it in a tree to keep watch when he was not there, the result being, for some time, most satisfactory. But presently the charm ceased to work, the boys became as slack as ever, and the planter, going down to discover the cause, found that a cunning native had taken off his *lava-lava* and hung it over the watching eye!

Perhaps the principal reason why the Solomon Islander cannot be expected to take readily to work is that for countless generations his womenkind have performed everything that



LABOUR-SAVING IN ONTONG JAVA.

Floating home coconuts for a feast.

in the Solomon Islander's eyes, but he is accustomed to come by them rather as the average Englishman expects to come by blackberries, with no further toil than that of gathering and carrying home, and that reduced to the minimum—as the picture shows, in which the men of a village, bringing back a supply for a feast day, a dance, the building of a new tambu-house, or some other joyous occasion, are to be seen with the nuts tied together in long strings, to be dragged along in the shallow water at the edge of the beach. Sea water at any greater depth, save when he is in his canoe, has little attraction for the Solomon Islander, perhaps on account of his dread of sharks. There is a vague and misty belief that a man carried off by the shark (which they deify, because they fear it) is translated at once to some region of happiness beyond the horizon which



A COCONUT TREE NURSERY.

could be called hard labour for him. They do what little cultivation is necessary for the supply of food, and also collect copra for sale to the traders. Fighting and fishing are manly occupations, and, polygamy being general, a man with two or more wives has a very comfortable and easy life of it. Probably troubling to cultivate coconuts at all in a country where they grow wild has a slightly absurd air to a Solomon Islander: to the visitor from Europe or America it is full of interest.

The ripe coconuts, when a new plantation is to be formed, are laid out on the ground in rows and left to sprout. At the end of five months the little shoots to be seen in the illustration will be three feet high; then the nuts are planted out about thirty feet apart, and the new plantation is well under way. Coconuts are, and always have been, so far as can be ascertained, very important



THE "MINT" AT MALAITA.

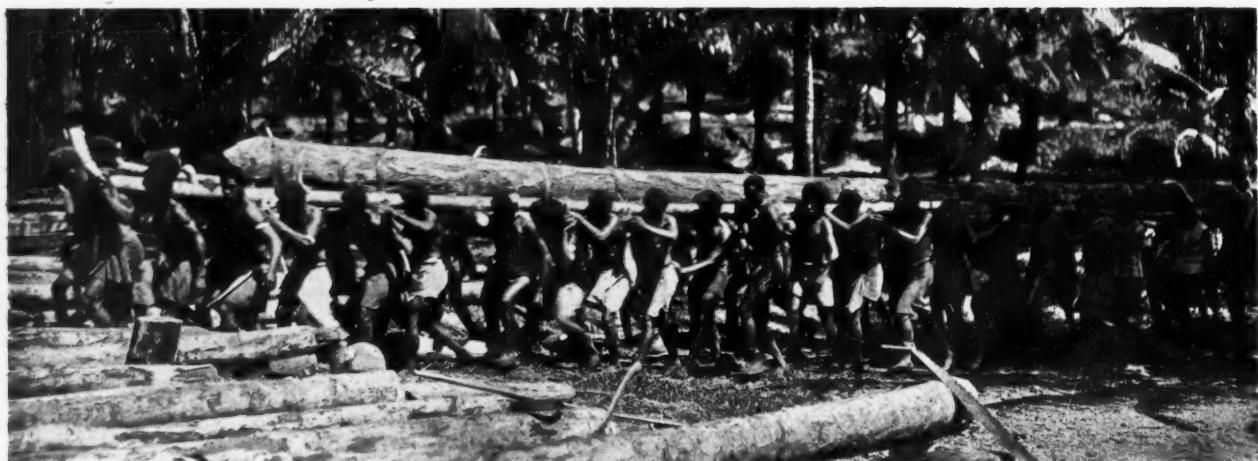
Women making shell money.

represents the Islander's version of Heaven; but faith is not strong enough to create any eagerness for such a fate, though when a man has escaped a sacred shark his friends have been known to throw him back again to it rather than allow it to be disappointed in its kind intentions.

In one of my pictures may be seen the mint on Malaita, and two women, one with a very elaborate decoration of scars on her upper arm, making shell money, the currency of the island, of which, for it is strung on strings, one talks by length as the criterion of value. In another picture, taken outside an ordinary village hut, two men are putting the finishing polish to the coinage—it gives a very fair idea of what a Solomon Islands home looks like and of natives in their



WOMEN, WHO DO MOST OF THE WORK, BRINGING IN COPRA TO TRADE.



A HUMAN CENTIPEDE.

The men, who can work when they will, carrying timber on a plantation for a new wharf.

everyday attire, which, consisting chiefly of necklaces and ear-rings, seems, somehow, more naked than complete nudity to the average European.

Perhaps there are very few places and peoples of which and whom it is more difficult to write generalisations than the Solomon Islands and their inhabitants. The very colour of their skins varies from island to island; they talk as many languages as did the builders of the Tower of Babel; one island is famous for one thing, one for another: as, New Georgia, until the last few

sometimes with a Polynesian admixture; but on islands comparatively near pure Polynesian natives only are found. The origin of the people of the very islands themselves—whether they should be regarded as remnants of a submerged continent or, the later view, as of volcanic origin—have been and still are, to a great extent subjects of debate. Some customs—such as that of chewing betel, which stains the teeth bright red, and of applying lime to the hair, which has a cleansing effect, but changes its colour in a manner bewildering to the intelligent observer—may be said to be fairly general; but even here an exception occurs, for the women and boys of the Bougainville Straits Islands have a fashion of their own. They plaster their heads with a red ochreous earth, which, blending with the natural colour, stains it a bright magenta far more startling than beautiful. So it is throughout the group. A thing is true of one village and untrue of the next. As two villages in the same small island may talk different languages and have their different chiefs, so as soon as one attempts to write of them in detail the exceptions overwhelm the rules. Different writers on the subject, different traders and planters, of whom there are perhaps five hundred scattered throughout the islands, give the natives very different characters as to laziness or assiduity under white control, as to morality as civilised nations see it, as to trustworthiness or ingrained treachery. It is, however, fairly safe to say that, whatever their shortcomings may be, viewed from the standpoint of European opinion, they are due not to any slackness in obeying whatever rules of life obtain, but in the underlying ignorance of these rules themselves. That their code can be

strict is witnessed by the ceremonial of mourning on Cnong Java, which ordains that the bereaved shall for two years remove to a hut near by the cemetery and spend the two midday hours of each



MEN POLISHING THE COINAGE.

years, for head hunting, Malaita for cannibalism, and the Bougainville Straits Islands for large sea-going canoes. Certainly, on the majority of the islands the inhabitants are Melanesians,



MOURNERS IN A SOLOMON ISLANDS CEMETERY, WHO SPEND TWO HOURS A DAY ON THEIR RELATIONS' GRAVES.



NATIVE TOMBSTONES.

day at the grave, which is covered, in many cases, with white sand and always kept beautifully clean and free from rubbish. This is on Ontong Java, but these are indeed the islands of contradiction; on Bouganville the bodies, of chiefs at least, are burned—and these are only two of a number of different customs.

One other contradiction, at least from the point of view of a visitor: on many of the islands, to go among the natives alone is to carry your life in your hand, but among the Europeans there the warmest welcome and the most generous hospitality in the world are offered to the stranger within the gates.

It is the realisation of the fact that there is a native point of view and the making of due allowance for it while measuring by a white man's standard that is making the British protectorate of the Solomon Islands the success that it is. The seat of government is at Tulagi, a small island off the coast of the island of Florida, and the smallest capital in the British Empire. Here the Resident Commissioner and his staff, perhaps nineteen or twenty in all, hold the reins of government, and on five of the other islands there are District Officers representing him. Captain R. R. Kane has been for some years Resident Commissioner for the Solomon Islands Protectorate, having, with the exception of the years devoured by the locusts of the Great War, spent nearly a quarter of a century in the Pacific Islands. The more one sees of the remoter parts of the Empire the more one comes to appreciate the policy of the Colonial Office in governing as compared with government by politicians. The administrative officer under the Colonial Office has no voters to consider; he can form his judgment in every case on the merits of the matter under consideration alone, and his knowledge is professional as opposed to the amateur



POST OFFICE AND LANDING STAGE AT TULAGI, THE SMALLEST CAPITAL IN THE EMPIRE.

richness of these islands, their possibilities for the cultivation of rubber, and even more of coconuts, will make further development very rapid. They offer a boundless supply of interests meanwhile to the botanist, the geologist and the anthropologist, if not to the hunter, who might have to content himself with wild pig, wild dog and crocodile—the last a very favourite dish among the natives, who, however, smell so terribly after a feast of it that few Europeans can bear to go near them. Here, again, the sharp exceptions typical of the group exist. According to Mr. Percy Allen, the editor of "Stewart's Handbook to the Pacific Islands," most excellent and most comprehensive of guide books, two species of large rats, one arboreal, are peculiar to Guadalcanal, which also boasts in common with Ysabel the possession of a unique crow, while the hornbill common everywhere else avoids San Cristoval. Perhaps it is this quality of uncertainty which gives the South Sea Islands, the Solomons in particular, their charm, for there you are certain of nothing—neither safety nor danger, health nor sickness; the curtain of convention, of belief in the continuity of things as they are is but a shadowy veil in these palm crowned islands, and the possibilities it hides from most people in civilised countries show starkly through. So much more the adventure of living, and so, so much keener the consciousness of that adventure—this is the call of the lonely savage places of the earth, and it reaches the ears that are fashioned for the hearing of it.

## MR. KIPLING ON THE IRISH GUARDS\*

THE Irish Guards were fortunate to obtain the services of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to write their history and their epitaph. For many decades the most able of English generals like Wellington, the most brilliant like Roberts, were of Irish birth, but the exact country of their birth mattered nothing. The Army was a more enduring corporation than any political organisation. Mr. Kipling's last duty was to chronicle the passing of the Irish Guards. "Before God we Micks was lonely" is the last sentence of the volume, which deals with the first battalion and ends in Cologne. The eulogy of the second is spoken in London, and it is a reference to

Young men with eyes which did not match their age, shaken beyond speech or tears by the splendour and the grief of that memory.

In a masterly introduction to the two volumes Mr. Kipling shows that the memoirs of a battalion history are only a part of the material which the historian has to sift and correlate so that it may supply bricks for the final building. Modern warfare differs from the old inasmuch as "a battalion's field is bounded by its own vision. Even so there is a larger margin for error. Many witnesses to the most vivid phase of a battle die and the knowledge dies with them. The most truthful of the survivors are not always to be trusted, the ground over which they fought is battered out of recognition in a few hours." One's memory will be dislocated by the vision of a mangled friend and that of another by the shock of an exploded dump. Hard fighting demands concentration alike of mind and body, and it does not conduce to a clear knowledge of what is happening outside individual experience. Under the circumstances it seemed to Mr. Kipling best

To abandon all idea of such broad and balanced narratives as will be put forward by experts, and to limit himself to matters which directly touched the men's lives and fortunes. Nor has he been too careful to correct the inferences of the time by the knowledge of later events.

From first to last, the Irish Guards, like the rest of our armies, new little of what was going on round them.

From the narration it is easy to find incidents that humorously yet tragically prove the truth of these remarks. Just as the retreat from Mons commenced a drill-sergeant just newly arrived from home asked, "What's all this talk about a retreat?" and strictly rebuked those who replied with shouts of laughter. At the same time a young French lieutenant believing that, as in previous wars, there would be no fighting at night, telephoned his superior officer as to disposition for the night. He drew forth the grim reply, "This will be a war in which no one goes to bed." Mr. Kipling has compiled his story from the Regimental Diaries and documents. He addresses two distinct classes of readers: first, the initiated who have special interest in the Irish Guards; and, secondly, those others who

may find a little to interest, or even comfort, in these very details and flatnesses that make up the unlovely, yet superb, life endured for their sakes.

The history of the first battalion is indicated by the titles of the chapters: 1914, Mons to La Bassée; 1915, La Bassée to Laventie; 1916, The Salient to the Somme; 1917, The Somme to Gouzeaucourt; 1918, Arras to the Armistice. In the course of the story we are constantly meeting with names unfamiliar at the beginning of the war, but now household words, for there is not one but carries poignant associations to more than one English household. Ypres, first and second battles, Neuve Chapelle, Festubert, Loos, Guichy—names those stamped for ever on the British mind. The salt of the story is found in the characteristic Irish, half lilting saying that occasionally ran down the line, such as the one about God being in his Heaven and "the Micks in the line, All's well! Pom-pom!" or the saying about drill:

"Tis not the dhrell, ye'll understand, but the not budgin' in the ranks that's so hard to come by. For, ye'll understand, that you can't

knowledge of the politically appointed and deposed public servant, for his work is a career lasting a lifetime. He generally begins it as a cadet, and by the time he reaches an executive position has served his apprenticeship to the business of government. As soon as the labour difficulty is to any extent overcome the

help liftin' an eye when you hear *them* buzzin' above. And, of course, if a man budges on parade, he'll be restless when he's shelled."

Occasionally a saying is reported which carries strong criticism. A good example is to be found in a story of the 1st Royal Warwicks, who, according to the Diary, had "recently come from the south, having been in the fighting there." They knew "The Somme":

They looked on the clean, creosoted, deep-bayed, high-parapeted trenches they were to hold and announced that they would feel "cushy" in such a line. "Cushy!" said the Brigade. "Wait till you've had to live in 'em!" "But," said the Warwicks, "you see, we've been fighting." The large Guardsman looked at the little worn Linesmen and swallowed it in silence.

The second volume deals with the 2nd Battalion, which dates from July 5th, 1915, when the approval of His Majesty the King was given to the formation of two additional battalions of Foot Guards—the 4th Grenadier Guards and the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards, which was to be made up out of the personnel of their Reserve Battalion. They occupied what Mr. Kipling calls the "old, crazy barracks" at Warley, which had been condemned as unfit for use by the Honourable the East India Company fifty years ago. Four chapters are devoted to them, the first being 1915, Loos and the First Autumn; 1916, The Salient and the Somme; 1917, Rancourt to Bourlon Wood; 1918, Arras to the End.

One of the most impressive passages in it is the account of their entry to Ypres, which for many of them was stored with ghosts and memories:

It was an impressive sight not to be forgotten by those who were present, as we threaded our way through the wrecked and shattered houses. Those of the battalion who knew it before had not seen it since the dark days of November '14, when with the 1st Battalion they played their part in the glorious first Battle of Ypres, a fight never to be forgotten in the annals of the Irish Guards.

It created a great impression on the new hands:

There was little blue lights showing here and there and around, and the whole stink of The Salient, blowing back and forth upon us, the way we'd get it up our noses for ever. Yes—and there was transport on the pave, wheels going dam' quick and trying, at the same time, not to make a noise, if ye understand.

And I remember, too, voices out of holes low down betwixt the rubbish-heaps. They would be the troops in cellars over against the Cloth Hall, I expect. And ye could hear our men breathing at the halts, and the kit squeaking on their backs, and we marching the way we was striving not to break eggs. I know I was.

We have room for only one more quotation, and we make it for the light it throws on the temperament of the English soldier:

At the last minute, one single unrelated private, appearing from nowhere in particular, was seen to push his way down the trench, climbing over the raiders where they crouched waiting for the life-or-death word. Said an Officer who assumed that at the least he must bear vital messages. "Who are you?" "R.F.A. Trench-mortar man, sir," was the reply. Then, "Where the devil are you going?"—"Going to get my tea, sir." He passed on, mess-tin in hand, noticing nothing that was outside of his own immediate show; for of such, mercifully, were the Armies of England.

It will be gathered that Mr. Kipling has made his history of the Irish Guards a book of great understanding and of great humanity.

\* **The Irish Guards in the Great War.** Edited and Compiled from their Diaries and Papers by Rudyard Kipling. Two vols. (Macmillan, 40s. net.)

**The Lango: A Nilotic Tribe of Uganda,** by J. T. Driberg. (T. Fisher Unwin, £3 3s. net.)

NOT much more than fifty years ago the map of Africa, in its equatorial part at all events, was largely blank, with here and there a supposed lake or river, and with a few doubtful tracks of Arab travellers scrawled about it. To-day there is hardly a district larger than an English county which has not been traversed by Europeans; a railway takes you to the Victoria Nyanza, detailed surveys have been made for other railways to link the Nile with the southern part of the continent, and missionaries and officials from Uganda often prefer to come home by motor car and steamer down the Nile to Khartoum, a road impossible only twenty years ago. A distinguished anthropologist, the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, urged very strongly the importance of a knowledge of anthropology in the administrators of native races. He emphasised two very important facts. One is that in many parts of the world the native population is slowly but surely dwindling with the approach of civilisation. The other is that, generally speaking, a white man is unable to marry and bring up a white family in tropical countries. How then to prevent the apparently inevitable depopulation of these regions? Dr. Rivers maintained that this diminution of population was not entirely due to disease and new customs introduced by the white man, but rather he ascribed it to the lack of interest in life consequent on the establishment of European administration, which interferes with and rudely upsets many complex native customs, and replaces them with simpler codes, or even with nothing at all. Every native custom has arisen from some need in native life, and even those which appear to us to be foolish and mischievous are probably connected intimately with customs which are beneficial. Obviously, therefore, in dealing with unfamiliar tribes the greatest care ought to be taken that the officials should have a knowledge of anthropology and an understanding of native temperament. A few miles north of the Victoria Nyanza live the Nilotic tribe called the Lango, and among them a young officer

of the Uganda Service, Mr. Driberg, spent seven arduous years. It was his business to know the people and their language; he went far beyond this and collected the mass of material which fills this volume. After an interesting preliminary account of the wanderings of the Lango in past generations, the author proceeds to detail their environment, their physical characteristics, mode of life, social organisation, religion and magic, followed by a close study of their language. It is evident that the work was a real labour of love. Mr. Driberg has a real affection for the people among whom he worked so long. "Brave, loyal, courageous, and hospitable, they have readily accorded me a greater affection than my deserving, and they will always remain more than a pleasant memory now the exigencies of service have separated us. . . . It is my hope that what is here written may be found of value both to my brother officers and to anthropologists, though I am only too painfully aware how inadequate this record must be." Every page bears witness to his untiring industry in noting all that he saw and in carefully sifting the truth of all that he heard. The Lango appear to be unusually attractive people, cheerful, and endowed with a lively sense of humour and a pleasant wit in repartee. They are polite and hospitable to strangers, and always ready to participate in a dance. "Particularly pleasing are their family relations, in which love for their children is unusually noticeable. The latter are well-nurtured and looked after, and with rare exceptions are kindly treated. Especially is this so during the long period before a baby is weaned, and every morning or evening a mother may be seen giving her infant a warm bath in a calabash bowl. Generally speaking, the mother at any rate shows, if she does not feel, more affection for her children than the father. Men prefer male children and women female. Conversely the children show considerable affection for, and obedience to, their parents." It may be said that dancing and beer drinking are the favourite pastimes of the Lango. Their chief food, and at the same time their drink, slightly fermented but rarely intoxicating, is called kongo, a preparation of millet, which does not seem to impair their health, and in the beer-drinking season, September to January, when the grain is most abundant, they are always in excellent condition. This should be noted by preachers of the gospel of drought. In the course of a delightful account of the games played by Lango children we learn, of the girls, that, quite early in life, their instinct for motherhood demands a doll. "It is not an elaborate affair, but simply a long sweet potato, and it is washed, fed, scolded, and slung on the back just like a human baby." Mr. Driberg gives a short description of the country and its fauna and flora. Naturalists will be interested to hear that in the Moroto river lives a pygmy crocodile which never exceeds 3ft. in length. We read also of a tame crocodile in the Tochi river which wore a cowrie necklace, and of a bold swimmer called Okeng, who swims across Lake Kwania hunting crocodiles on the way by diving and stabbing them in the belly with a knife. The temptation is strong to quote from the text native fables and stories of magic, but enough has been said to show that this is a book which will appeal, not only to the student of African ethnology, but to all who are interested in plain humanity. A. F. R. W.

**The Bright Shawl,** by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann, 7s. 7d.) IN *The Bright Shawl* Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's gift for bringing vividly before us the outward and the visible is immensely enhanced by the fact that he has now learnt to keep it in its right place. The outward and the visible has here become the accompaniment; the theme is the inward and the spiritual. The book is cast in the form of a reminiscence of youth—a clumsy enough device, as a rule, but amply justified in this case by success. Charles Abbott, a young American ordered to Havana for his health, finds himself not only physically but spiritually in the midst of the Cuban struggle for independence from Spanish rule. He strikes up a friendship, beautiful in its shared and selfless dedication to a cause, with a young Cuban, Andrés Escobar, who is deeply involved in the revolutionary movement. The friendship, beginning pleasantly with one young man's admiration for the looks, the bearing, even the clothes of another, is carried by gradual, skilful stages into the region of drama, of danger, of horror, of white-hot sacrifice, and ends on a scene of intense beauty and suffocating poignancy. The bright shawl itself belongs to La Clavel, a Spanish dancer, who helps the Cuban cause, and it is real and visible enough—"the smooth dragging heaviness of its embroidery, the burning square of its colours . . . the incredible magentas, the night blues and oranges and emerald and vermillion, worked into broad peonies and roses wreathed in leaves." But it is also more than visible; it is symbolic of the note of high passion that the book sustains. For, after the dancer's death at the hands of the Spaniards, the shawl becomes to Charles (her fellow-conspirator, but not her lover) "as though she had given him a palm, a shielded flame, to add to his own fortitude." It is in this capacity to relate the seen to the unseen that *The Bright Shawl* excels in brightness all Mr. Hergesheimer's previous work.

**Destroying an English Work of Art: The Whitgift Hospital:** (2s.)

THIS little book, issued by twenty societies, headed by the Royal Academy, puts the cases for and against the removal of the Hospital which Archbishop Whitgift "founded and established firmly to have continuance for ever." As Mr. John Drinkwater points out in a Prefatory Note, commercial expediency is the only plea for this vandalism; "Westminster Abbey no doubt stands upon what would be an extremely valuable commercial site and St. Paul's is obviously causing a great congestion of traffic. . . . It is not much use arguing with people who think it is only a plain little old building that might just as well be out of the way; it is for those with the power to do so to see that such opinion is kept to itself, and is not allowed to destroy the beauty that is ours from wise and loving hands of old." The campaign against the hospital dates from as long ago as 1884, and the Borough Council, though repeatedly overruled by the Local Government Board, not only persists in the matter, but have ignored opportunities for effecting the road widening it states to be necessary which would leave the Hospital alone. The book contains excellent plans of the two widening schemes, and reminds that the new by-pass road will divert through traffic from the neighbourhood of the Hospital. The Corporation's Bill is being discussed on Wednesday, the 18th inst., but as we write its result and that of Lord Crawford's motion to secure the preservation of the building are still uncertain. C. H.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page lxxxvi.)

## CORRESPONDENCE

### COTTAGES AND THE HOUSING SCHEME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—In connection with the Government's housing scheme, I should be grateful for a little of your space to make two appeals for a solution of the problem in the country, which has been given little attention. My first appeal is to those men who, like myself, hold a house and from five to ten acres of garden and paddock, and who employ a whole-time man about the house and garden who lives in a cottage in the village. We must number hundreds of thousands. If each of us were to build a cottage for one man in the corner of our grounds, and so free the cottage he at present occupies in our overcrowded villages, the rural district council's housing problem would be largely solved. This idea has many other merits. There would be no expensive sites to be bought by the taxpayers or ratepayers. The cottages would be in ideal surroundings, uncrowded, and in better situations than are usually available for housing schemes. The man would not have to spend much of his leisure going to and from the village. Such cottages are never likely to become rural slums. The children would probably see much of their employers' children, to the mutual benefit of both; and if our man's wife happens to be a handy woman in any way, our additional comfort will pay for much extra comfort in her home. If we all employed ex-Service men and took the trouble to train them it would help to solve that problem also. My second appeal is to the Government to make it possible for us to do this on reasonable terms. Few of us have spare cash enough to build a cottage, and, after all, we are providing the land and the employment. We increase the value of our property, it is true, but we can get our labour easily enough as it is; and if we build we sacrifice a portion of our small domain of pasture or orchard, and we cannot possibly exact an economic rent. If they would give us a fair deal and use a little propaganda I believe they would find us not backward to help, and also that we were much cheaper than public housing schemes.—JOHN COLERIDGE.

### THE IRONWORKS OF SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I read with interest the letter over Mr. A. R. Bellingham's signature in your issue of March 31st. Could your correspondent throw any light on the whereabouts of the clock which he illustrates? A good many years ago I heard Mr. Charles Dawson of Lewes lecture on the Sussex ironworks. He referred to the "Beeching" clock, but I do not remember whether he stated that he had the clock, or only the dial. In 1912 Mr. Arthur Hayden reproduced a photograph of the clock in "Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture." A little later I approached Mr. Dawson, who kindly lent me the negative in order to make a lantern slide for lecture purposes. From a print, made at the time, I prepared a line drawing which has since been reproduced in the Transactions of the Newcomen Society for the Study of the History of Engineering and Technology. It is one of the illustrations to Mr. Rhys Jenkins' papers on "The Rise and Fall of the Sussex Iron Industry," which were presented to the Society in 1921. The secretary tried at the time to trace the clock, but without success. The "Beeching" clock dial was probably engraved during the decline of the industry. It is, as far as I know, the only contemporary pictorial representation of a Sussex ironworks extant, and it ought to be lodged either at Lewes Castle or South Kensington. If Mr. Bellingham can furnish further information about this relic of a bygone industry several persons interested would be obliged.—WILLIAM A. YOUNG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The clock face illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE for March 31st forms one of the very few pictorial representations of the iron trade of Sussex—the only others known to me being the fireback of Richard Lenarde of Brede, and a rough drawing of Lamberhurst furnace in Swedenborg's "De Ferro." The clock formerly belonged to the late Mr. Charles Dawson of Lewes. I shall feel much obliged if your correspondent can say in whose possession it now is.—RHYS JENKINS.

[We sent our correspondents' letters to Mr. Bellingham, who answers: "I would gladly afford the information if I could. All I know is that it (the clock) formerly belonged

to the late Mr. Charles Dawson of Lewes, and that it was sold by auction some five years ago."—ED.]

### A PERSIAN ROYAL POLO GROUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—In explanation of the enclosed photograph I cannot do better than give the following notes from "A History of Persia," by General Sykes. "The heart of Isfahan was the Maidan-i-Shah, or 'Royal Square,' enclosed by long ranges of double storied buildings. Its dimensions are 560 yards by 174 yards, and, as it was the royal polo ground, these measurements are of some interest. A modern polo ground measures 300 by 200 yards. The marble goal-posts are still standing, and many years ago, the morning after my arrival at Isfahan, I rose very early and knocked a polo ball between them, the first time such a thing had been done for perhaps two centuries. The game of polo reached the height of its popularity in Persia about the middle of the seventeenth century. On the east side of the Maidan is situated the Ala Kapi, or 'Lofty Gate,' by which the royal Palace was entered. It may more correctly be described as a building in the form of a great arch, on which was constructed a 'talar,' or open throne room, supported by wooden columns which form a distinctive feature of Safavi architecture. The Shah would often

believe that this legend was of later date, and merely grafted on as an explanation of the earlier festivities. The Registers of St. Laurence's Church at Reading contain many entries relating to this custom.

"1499. Item. Received of Hock money gaderyd of women XXs.

Item received of Hock money gaderyd of men IIIJs."

St. Giles', Reading, records, under date 1535: "Hoc money gatheryd by the wyves XIIJs. IXd."

In 1526 the same church "Paid for the wyves supper at Hoctyde XXIIJd." In London during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was known as Hobtide, and many church registers refer to money collected in this way.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

### STUMP PULLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—One of the principal difficulties in cultivating forest lands after the timber has been cut is the roots of the trees. The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries were appealed to recently for advice on this point and they kindly arranged a demonstration in this county of different devices for the removal or destruction of tree stumps. In England the problem is



AN OLD PERSIAN POLO GROUND WITH MARBLE GOAL POSTS.

witness polo matches and horse races from this building, in which he was visible to thousands of his subjects who filled the great square." In the photograph the stumpy marble goal-posts are clearly visible. It will be noticed that they are much further apart than those of modern times. In the background is the "Lofty Gate," and, above it, the "talar" with its wooden pillars.—JOHN HORNE.

### HOCKING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I wonder how many people nowadays recall that the two days following the second Sunday after Easter used to be known as Hock Monday and Hock Tuesday. The practice of "Hocking" was general all over England until early in the eighteenth century. The earliest records date from the thirteenth century, though it was probably even older than that. In fact, the most likely explanation of the queer custom seems to be that it was a survival of Pagan festivities at Easter. The money collected was always given to the Church, possibly with the idea of securing her sanction for the revels. On the Monday the men went out, carrying ropes, captured and tied up the women; on Tuesday it was the women who bound the men. Small sums of money were demanded as ransoms. The popular story went that it was in commemoration of a victory over the Danes, when the Saxon women came to the aid of their men, and this idea was carried out in "the old Coventry Play of Hock Tuesday," which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth in July, 1575. Antiquaries seem disposed

different from what it is in the Colonies, as here the wood is so valuable that it is cut down almost level with the ground and there is not enough left for leverage. The best machine for English work appeared to be one from Finland. It will be at work for a week or so from April 16th—including Saturday afternoons—at a small wood between Silver Lane and the South Border, Upper Woodcote, Purley, Surrey; and as two men can wind up any sized root in a few minutes, perhaps some of your readers who are interested in land questions may like to see it.—W. WEBB, F.S.I.

### EARLY PERAMBULATORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—As I am going to read a paper next month before the Royal Society of Arts on "The Origin and Development of Children's and Invalid Carriages," I should be greatly indebted to any of your readers who could put me in the way of discovering the oldest existing perambulators. So far, I have not found any older than two, made in 1780, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire.—S. J. SEWELL.

### THE FIRST CUCKOO?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I was with an old woodman to-day (April 12th) who informed me that this morning early he heard a cuckoo tuning up merrily for some time in two copse at Eling, near Southampton. The old man is not likely to have made a mistake.—E. A. RAWLENCE.

April 21st, 1923.

## THE SO-CALLED "RAMBLE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—If the searcher for wild flowers really wants to find rarities and not weeds, then the search is not a "botanical ramble" but a great adventure. Rarities are seldom to be found by the wayside, for the devastating hand of the "tripper" has long since eradicated everything that is out of the common. It is well, therefore, that all that wealth of colour which illuminates our hedgerows at midsummer—the wild geraniums, the parsley, the vetches and hawkweeds and many others—are quick to flower and to seed, and from their very commonness cease to attract more than passing notice and admiration; but at this season, when wild flowers are few and far between and many of them inconspicuous, only the trained observer knows where to find them and must go far afield in the search. My most laborious days have been so-called rambles. Scrambles would be a more appropriate word, for the lanes in March and April are often deep in mud, a north-easter numbs the hands, while a head wind makes cycling difficult. Yet year after year these conditions have to be faced if we would see once more the early blossoms on the green hellebore or the more vivid petals of the fritid purple hellebore; and it is not everyone who happens to live within easy reach of the chalk or the limestone, where that curious parasite the toothwort may be found upon the roots of hazel in the coves in April. A county Flora will be a guide to localities, though, naturally, few will supply the information as to the exact positions of the rarer flowers. Many are only to be found now on private property, and it is well that it is so, because this has preserved them from extermination. Some landed proprietors are quite unaware of the existence of rare plants on their estates. Never having taken any interest in "weeds," except to uproot them from the fallows and pastures, they have left undisturbed the woods and by-paths until some botanical friend, or local field club, going systematically over the ground, has recorded results. On the other hand, there are landlords who keep a careful diary—on the lines of that of Gilbert White—recording from year to year the first blossoms to appear and who welcome the information given by more knowledgeable friends as to the presence of some unexpected rarity on the property. A regional survey on these lines is of more than local value.—E. M. HARTING.

## THE AMERICAN MAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—One frequently reads criticism of the short-comings of the British Post Office, but I have often longed for its reliability and promptness in this land of hustle and efficiency; but, strange to say, the Americans take as a matter of course things that the business men of England would not tolerate. Mail, as it is called, takes an awful time to get around New York, while cities only a few miles away can never be certain of getting letters on the following day even if they are posted in the afternoon. There is a system of Special Delivery costing 10 cents extra that is notorious for taking longer than the ordinary mail, and the post offices are placarded with notices to register anything that is important or valuable. There is no Sunday collection or

delivery, and the only satisfactory way of getting letters at any time is to fetch them, so that many people have a box at the post office. The enclosed photograph shows the method of delivery in a little suburban town not twenty-five miles from New York. The letter carrier drops the letters in a box bearing the name of the receiver at the end of the street and puts up a little red flag to indicate that there are letters waiting.—R. GORBOLD.

## THE WHITE-HEADED BLACKBIRD AND SOME OTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I should be much obliged if Mr. C. W. Greatorex would say if the white-headed blackbird is still in Nottinghamshire. I ask because I know of a white-headed hen blackbird which has frequented a certain place in Scotland for several summers, but always disappears during the winter. Where it goes I do not know. It returned not long ago. It had a nest on the ground last year, but some vermin destroyed it.—J. B.

[Mr. C. W. Greatorex writes the following note to this letter: "So far as I am aware, the white-headed blackbird to which I referred in a recent note is still in the park in Nottinghamshire in which it was observed. My last information concerning it was obtained upon March 20th, and then it had been seen by the same reliable witness only a couple of days before. Perhaps it will be allowed to remain in safety, for the situation in which it has been noticed is fairly well secluded. Let us hope that no loiterer with a gun may hear of its whereabouts! I would suppose that this particular bird has been reared in the locality, for since I first announced its presence there have actually been seen in the same neighbourhood some other unusual examples of this species, showing inclinations to albinism in greater or lesser degree. One of these has the wings almost wholly white. In another it is the scapulars that present the lack of colouring matter. In a third the whole of the plumage of the back, wings and the lower parts are freely intermingled with pure white. It is reasonable to assume, I think, that these remarkable aberrations are all members of the same brood. Of course, one or another of them may have come to this locality from some other part of the British Isles, for it is probable that the blackbird, like most other birds that are usually described as 'stationary and resident,' is somewhat of a migrant. I wish it were possible to transfer the entire company of these black-and-white blackbirds to the safe confines of a nature sanctuary."—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Having recently seen a letter in your correspondence columns describing a black and white blackbird, perhaps it may interest some of your readers to hear that a fine thrush with a perfectly white head comes daily to my garden in Hampshire, and has come for the last two seasons.—M. A. L.

## GOING TO MARKET IN CO. MAYO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I send you this snapshot of an Irish farmer and his wife going to market in Co.

Mayo. Perhaps you will consider it of sufficient interest to put in COUNTRY LIFE. One cannot help admiring the pluck displayed by the old woman in riding in such a perilous position.



"WHEN LIKE CARE UPON A PILLION  
MATRONS RODE BEHIND THEIR LORDS."

Most likely, her basket contains eggs.—M. WILLIAMS.

## AN OLD COUPLE IN AN OLD HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I send you a photograph recently taken in my little West Surrey parish of Alfold, near Cranleigh. The fine old septuagenarian couple sit in the ingle nooks of their great "down fire"—as they are locally called—just as they have sat after their day's work for over forty years past, and where others have rested before them while three centuries have gone by. Behind the old man's head is the recess where the salt or the tinder box were formerly kept, and up the chimney is a huge bacon loft where as much as a ton of pork was hung to be smoked. A pair of brand-dogs support the firewood, and the fireback was probably cast in one of the iron foundries which abounded hereabouts when the Wealden forest existed. (I recently picked up deeply rusted cast iron ball in our great Sidney Wood which doubtless owed its origin to the same ancient industry.) It interested me much to be able to photograph these picturesque old people in their delightful old-world surroundings, for all too often does one find nowadays that an unromantic modern range has ousted the fine old utensils of the past. Incidentally, I may mention that, owing to the dim lighting and the smallness of the room, it was not until my fourth try that I got the picture I wanted, and then only by using flash powder and by extending one of the camera legs well up the staircase that opened out of the room!—F. W. COBB.



POSTAL DELIVERY NEAR NEW YORK.



DARBY AND JOAN IN WEST SURREY.



## FAVoured HORSES FOR THE CLASSIC RACES

### THE RACE FOR THE NEWBURY CUP

**A**S a result of what flat racing has taken place up to the time of writing (I am taking no account of happenings at the Craven meeting at Newmarket this week) the situation where the Derby is concerned has been made rather more open than it was. Thus is the state of affairs more puzzling than ever. Throughout the winter months it was customary when making reference to the Derby of 1923 to suggest that no horse stood out with special prominence, and that strong cases could be made out for quite an unusual number. The horses most favoured were Town Guard, Papyrus, Twelve Pointer, Legality, Pharos, Drake and My Lord. That, as I have said, was before racing commenced at the end of last month.

Now let us glance at what has happened in the short interval. Drake met with a small mishap in training, but is said to be quite all right now. Personally, I prefer a candidate for the Derby which escapes trouble of the slightest kind. Pharos has been beaten over a mile, leaving the impression that he is not a stayer. The rest I have noted are apparently doing all right, and will doubtless continue to satisfy their admirers until the first test of the racecourse comes to be applied. Then we shall be reminded again how some horses can train off or make abnormal improvement between two and three years of age. Meanwhile two new candidates have sprung forward with undoubted claims, not so much for the Derby as for the Two Thousand Guineas, which is due to be decided in less than a fortnight's time. The two I have in mind are Pombal, winner of four races this short season without being beaten, and Parth, winner last week of the Greenham Stakes at Newbury. As a matter of fact Pombal is not in the Derby, but he is in the Two Thousand Guineas, and though he will not be favourite, since it is a weakness with most racing people to believe what they hear rather than what they see, he will, nevertheless, take a lot of beating.

The case of Pombal is rather interesting, and though he is not one of those I need discuss in reference to the Derby, for the good reason, as I have said, that he is not in the entry, I find myself much attracted by what he has done already as a three year old. Besides, I feel sure that he will take a lot of beating for the Two Thousand Guineas, so that it will not be space wasted to dwell for a moment where he is concerned. Now last year as a two year old he ran seven times without winning a race. Yet I imagine his trainer always thought well of him, for when he first appeared on a racecourse, which was a year ago at the Craven meeting, he started favourite in a big field and finished third. Coming to October we find him showing evidence of steady maturity, as so often is the case with the best horses. In a field of eight for a maiden race he ran the favourite, Bessie, to a neck, and once gave the idea that he would win.

There is no doubt that stamina was in every sense his strength, and we have him quite early in the year as a three year old winning over a mile and showing extraordinary improvement, not only in his performances, but in his physical appearance. For he has grown, thickened and lengthened, and he is the straightest galloper you could wish to see. In turn he has won at Lincoln, Nottingham, Leicester and Lingfield Park, the best performance of all being when he gave a lot of weight at the last named place to horses with some form in Old Nic and Helias. I really think he would have given them 21lb. instead of 10lb. and still have won, which is a good enough trial in public in my opinion to give this horse a very definite chance for the Two Thousand Guineas. He is also missing from the St. Leger entry, which is a misfortune for his owner, Major Courtauld.

Parth is owned by the Bombay sportsman, Mr. Mathuradss Goculdas, who really is keen, and must be a sportsman to maintain an expensive stud and racing establishment in this country with no chance of seeing them because of his caste views. His winner at Newbury carried the big weight of 9st. 4lb., and I can assure you, who did not see the race, that he won with 14lb. in hand. Either he is very good indeed and has an outstanding chance for the classic races or the opposition in the Greenham Stakes was decidedly moderate. There is probably something in the latter view, basing it as I do on Vambrace, the second in, the rest being some way behind the pair. At Liverpool we had seen Vambrace run third to Moabite and Old Nic, the latter receiving 12lb. and giving the idea that he had been unlucky, while Vambrace only got third through being under heavy pressure. We saw Old Nic hopeless against Pombal at Lingfield Park, the winner on that occasion conceding 10lb., and thus Parth may not have had much to do to beat Vambrace at only 3lb. But it was the very effortless way in which he did it that impressed, and as one recalls that Parth beat Twelve Pointer at Doncaster last September, also in heavy going, he must be accepted as a smart horse with reasonable prospects for the Two Thousand Guineas, to say nothing of the Derby.

I began by saying that the Derby situation is rather more open than it was before racing commenced this year. So it is; with Parth drawing serious attention to his candidature and with Pharos showing himself incapable of beating the Irish gelding Darragh, over a mile at Pontefract, the puzzle becomes more confusing. Town Guard has enraptured some at Newmarket and displeased others. Clearly we must have the Two Thousand Guineas before such points can be adjusted. Lord

Woolavington has a stable companion to Town Guard in Knockando, which has yet to see a racecourse, but it was the same with the Two Thousand Guineas winner of last year. St. Louis had not seen a racecourse until then. Perhaps Papyrus meets with most general approval at Newmarket. Legality pleases at Whatcombe, where he is trained by Mr. R. C. Dawson, but I know lots of people who entertain a prejudice against a very light grey colt with a filly's head, such as characterises this colt. Town Guard was a better horse than he was at Ascot, and he was not much in front of Pharos when they ran on the July course at Newmarket. Legality, therefore, in no sense stands out, but he must be accepted as a live candidate all the same, in spite of his colour scheme.

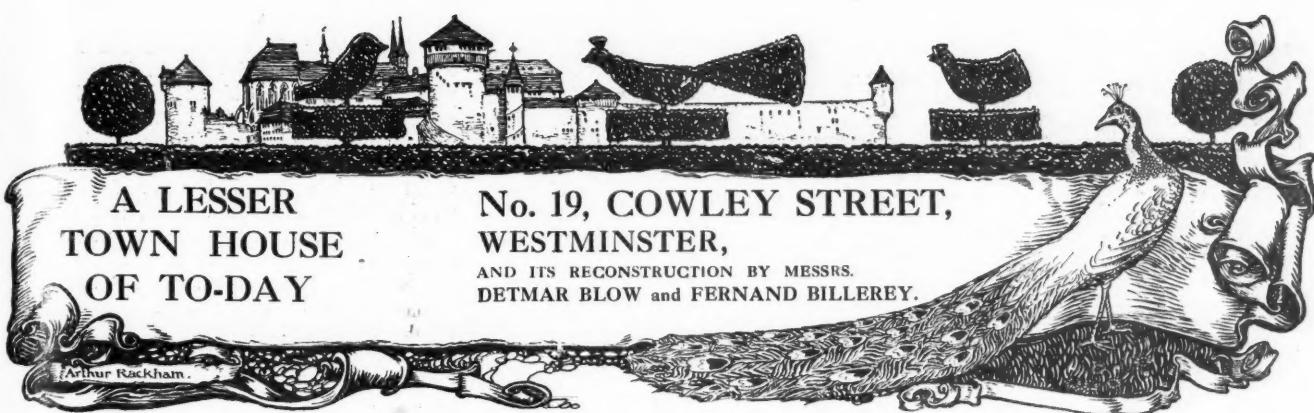
Then Lord Astor, as usual, has brought himself into the puzzle by being in possession of three colts, all of them held in some esteem. Apparently the one interesting folk most of all at the moment is Light Hand, a big brown colt by Sunstar from Third Trick. The others are Bold and Bad, by Swynford, and Saltash, by Sunstar. Bold and Bad showed himself to be a smart horse last year, but, as with Light Hand, Saltash only ran once. As I write, Light Hand is due to run for the Craven Stakes. If he has not won that with the pull he has in the weights, or at least run well for it, I expect his owner, his manager (Mr. Gerald Deane), and his trainer (Alec Taylor) will be much disappointed. I recall that a year ago Lord Astor had Tamar in this race qualifying for all the allowances, and accordingly, having done well at Manton, he was a hot favourite, only to be routed by Collaborator, who conceded as much as 15lb. We imagined that Collaborator must be an exception in every way, and Sir William Cooke was given much sympathy because his colt was not in the Derby, but you may recall what happened at Chester. There on that ridiculous but popular course the horse bolted and was beaten after long odds had been betted on him. I am sure he was never the same horse again.

If I may return again to the Newbury meeting of last week it is to note that the King and Queen attended on Friday and the King on Saturday. The social excellence of the gathering was much marred by deluging rain, causing the course to ride awfully heavy and the paddock to be a place for duck-boards rather than ordinary footwear. Yet the King on Saturday came to the parade ring to look over his Cup candidate, Weather-vane, and others of the competitors for this important handicap. His Majesty's horse does not really get a mile, even though as a three year old he won the Greenham Stakes, and yet he was capable of finishing fourth to the winner, Royal Alarm, the rank outsider Abbey Island, and Blackland. I do not think they were a particularly gay lot, and Royal Alarm may not have had a great deal to do to win as easily as he did. It was up to him to offer some apology for a poor display at Nottingham the week after he had run fairly well for the Lincolnshire Handicap. The atonement he made to Lord Barnby and his faithful followers was ample.

The Newbury Cup winner is a grey son of The Tetrarch and Abbazia, and was bred in Ireland. He was a yearling while the war was still on, and as such he came up for sale at Newmarket in September, 1918, being purchased by his trainer, Mr. Persse, for 1,600 guineas on behalf of Lord Barnby. A year later when the yearling sales were taken back to Doncaster, and when the boom was operating, he would certainly have made twice as much. I was much interested in the appearance in the Newbury race of Happy Man under top weight of 9st. He ran well, too, considering that he is essentially a long distance horse. It was his first appearance on a racecourse since the Chester meeting of last year, when it will be remembered he collided with the rails and very seriously injured himself. It was really a toss-up at one time as to whether he would ever walk again, but Mr. "Jock" Crawford, brother of the trainer of Parth, and a well known "vet." in Bombay, and then on holiday here, performed a remarkable surgical operation to the foot by the use of saw and burning, the result being that the adhesions between the foot and the coronet were broken down and perfect freedom restored. Altogether it was an amazing recovery.

Probably the best two year old so far seen out is Roysterer, which won at Pontefract last week for Lord Durham. It would add to his pleasure that he also bred the son of Rochester and Mistrella. I suggest that he is probably the best seen out for the reason that his trainer, the Hon. G. Lambton, tried him highly, though the colt had little in hand when he won at the Yorkshire meeting. Grand Lassie, by the 1919 Derby winner Grand Parade, has won twice, and from the way she scored last Saturday at Newbury she must be smart. It was at the Craven meeting a year ago that Verdict first came out as a winner, and we know that she is a top hole three year old because of what she did at Birmingham, carrying 10st. in a three year old handicap and winning comfortably. It is as well for owners of other fillies in the classic races that this fine performer, even though she is technically half bred on both sides of her pedigree, is not in those races. But she belongs to a grand old man in Lord Coventry, and really it is a joy to find this filly in such ownership and trained by so efficient and kindly a man as William Waugh at Newmarket.

PHILIPPOS.



**C**OWLEY STREET is in that quiet area just to the south of Westminster Abbey. The street makes a sharp angle with Barton Street, and right in the corner is No. 19. Originally its frontage covered two houses. These, a couple of years ago, were thrown into one (for Sir Andrew and Lady Agnew), with the result shown by the photographs here reproduced. Messrs. Detmar Blow and Fernand Billerey were the architects commissioned to carry out the alteration, and their work shows a characteristic refinement and understanding. It was not a case of mere pulling down of partitions and the making of openings through internal walls, in order to get the necessary accommodation. The structure of these houses happened to be poor, and this meant that the work of alteration had perforce to be considerable. It was necessary to underpin walls, to strengthen them and, in parts, even to pull down and rebuild them. The floors, sagged and out of level, had to be propped up, firred or rebuilt. But, withal, the old features have been retained, and even the old bricks have been re-used for facings as much as possible.

As we see it to-day, No. 19, Cowley Street presents a decorous façade of Georgian character, its fenestration regular, and its entrance given dignity by the old doorway with its panelled hood. The windows are those which existed when the work of restoration was taken in hand, but, obviously, were fashioned much later than 1722—the date on a tablet at the corner of Cowley Street; the sashes having bars of that slighter kind which was favoured in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and instead of the frames being quite flat and plain they have a moulded architrave. Most of them retain their old crown glass. There is a further remnant of old work in the area railing, with its bold scrolls sweeping up to the pilasters that flank the entrance. This entrance now leads into a square hall, which has been floored with black composition laid in large squares, with insets of



STREET FRONT.



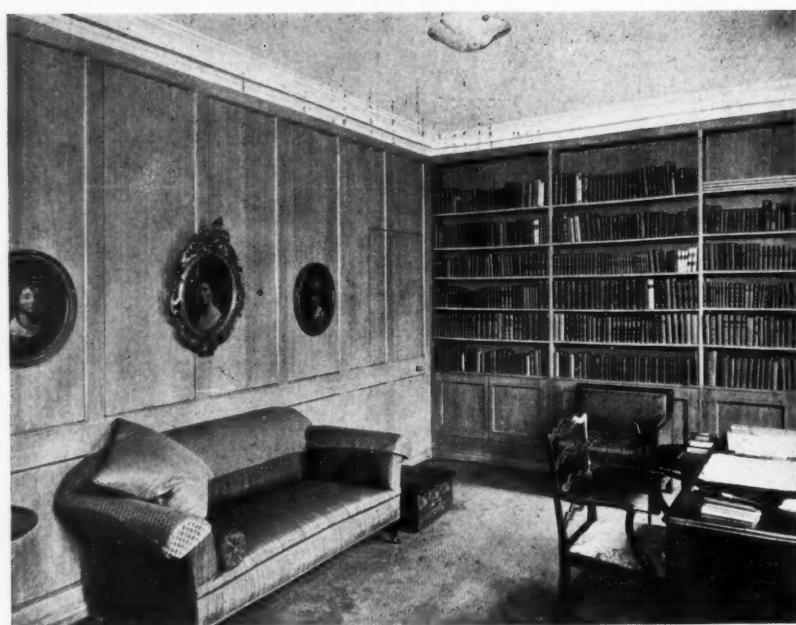
ENTRANCE HALL.

light-coloured material at the corners of the squares. From one side of the hall the main staircase rises. This staircase, a charming detail of one of the old houses, has been carefully preserved, repaired and renewed. There are triple balusters to each tread, with finely shaped brackets below, and the newel at the foot of the staircase sweeps out into a generous cluster.

The dining-room opens off the hall to the right, and on the other side of the house the space is taken up by a library and a sitting-room. On the first floor at the front is a large music room, opening out of which is a charming little oval room, with a small drawing-room next to it, and a library in the corner, with a door on to the first-floor landing.

In reconstructing the house the old Westminster panelling was all taken down, reframed and renewed, and adjusted to the new rooms, being completed with new work where this was necessary. The old cornices were similarly dealt with. Such old mantelpieces as remained were utilised; where missing, new ones of similar style and proportion were introduced. Apart from this careful work of repair and alteration, as little as possible has been attempted

April 21st, 1923.



LIBRARY.



MUSIC ROOM

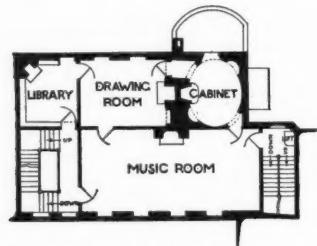


DINING-ROOM.

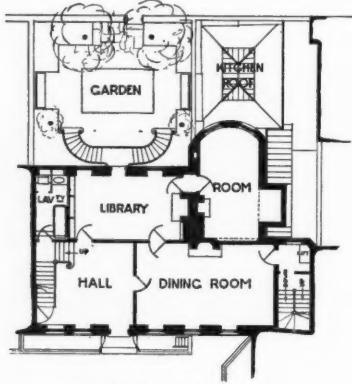
in the way of decorative betterment. Only the large room in the house, the music room, has received a low relief modelled plaster ceiling, the chimney breast being emphasised by two flat Ionic pilasters. The remainder of the finishing consists in carefully selected colours on the painted walls, good doors and good furniture, window seats, fireplace fittings, and other details, which, when right, are so pleasing, and, when wrong, can go far to spoil a house.

Modern prejudices against "sham" features have been somewhat disregarded by the architects. For instance, the hall, staircase well and stairs are oak-grained, this work having been done with remarkable skill by an aged painter who had preserved the disappearing traditions that belong to true graining.

It was the Gothicists, of course, who made such a dead set against paintwork that imitated various woods. Architecture at that time had got very much mixed up with morals. But to-day our outlook has changed (shall we say widened?), and good



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

graining is as acceptable as good marbling; though we fully appreciate, too, the merits of combing that is not imitative.

Another "sham" treatment is seen in the small library on the first floor. It is a little square room, and has the appearance of being entirely lined with book-filled shelves; but on the dividing wall next to the small drawing-room it is an appearance only, for on this side is clever painting—a pleasant fancy, and one that has some justification inasmuch as it was quite an impossibility to put the reality on this wall. The painting was not done with the idea of deceiving, but to complete the decorative effect of the room.

At the back of the house a strictly limited area, once a yard, has been turned into a small garden, with plane trees and laurels as large as could be moved, and this diminutive garden gives a pleasant outlook for the south rooms of the house. The plan shows its simple lay-out.

The accompanying illustrations show the house as it was when in the occupation of Lady Agnew. Subsequently the house was acquired by Viscountess Northcliffe (Lady Hudson), who is now the owner.

R. S.

## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

### ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY OWNER OF A ROOKERY.

**T**HREE never has been a year when the duty to take toll of the rook fledglings was more urgent than now. Latterly there have been reports from all quarters of the damage done by the ever-increasing hordes of this black-coated thief; for a thief of the worst order he becomes when unduly numerous. With pheasant rearing on the increase an improvement may be expected, since there is no deadlier killing instrument than a spare pheasant pen fitted on top with an easy entry which somehow or other is not used for exit purposes. Rooks haunt any place where grain is fed to birds in an enclosure, hence poultry keepers might help, but they are inspired neither by the strong motive nor the craft of the keeper. Wire pens, provided with a tunnel entrance and suitably protected from pheasants, are very effective during hard winter weather and also during the spring drought season, if such occurs. In the past winter there has been no food shortage for any species of bird, hence the usual catching devices have failed to perform their full measure of service. All the more reason, therefore, why the current year's production of rooklings should as far as possible be reduced to a few lucky survivors. The extent of harm done to game eggs is largely governed by the growth of herbage, also by the keeper's vigilance in protecting nests which are unduly exposed to the overhead view. The farmer suffers anyhow. The best of all remedies is the due regulation of the total in each district. So pleasant in its suggestion of spring is the mellow caw around the rookery that plenteous breeding sanctuaries will always be assured, but the preservation of something which feeds on your neighbour's land implies a responsibility and incidentally an opportunity of issuing invitations which are bound to be heartily appreciated. If you are commercially minded, do not forget that rook shooting commands a rental calculated at a shilling per nest.

### PREPARATIONS.

Rook shooting, properly indulged, offers quite remarkable sport to its votaries. The first requirement is a perfectly sighted .22 rifle. Careful tests at a target situated, say, at 35yds., should enable the intelligent user to get the sights dead on to a 2in. bull. If the rifle shoots to right or left, the sights should be progressively tapped over, the rule being to move the foresight in the direction of the error or the back-sight the way you want the shots to go. There is a spice of luck in securing a perfect adjustment. Well I remember a rifle which I had adjusted for the use of a friend. Overnight we wandered around a fir plantation, taking as marks the swollen buds at each branch termination. These he burst almost unfailingly at 10yds. or 15yds. range, and his work next day was as good—far better, in fact than my own, my even more accurate rifle having been less scrupulously adjusted. Some say the shooting is easy. To me it never seems so, for the swaying branches necessitate a species of snapshot during steady holding which is difficult to master. Where so many people make a mistake in shooting their rooks is in having one big day, when perhaps only a quarter of the new brood is in evidence, a proportion even of these being able to make good their escape either on the first disturbance, or when their budding senses perceive themselves the object of hostile intentions. Far better visit the rookery for a few hours in the evening, repeating the attention at three-day intervals for several weeks dating from the first appearance of young birds outside the nest. Under those conditions only the birds offering clear marks well away from the nest need be taken, the shooter standing well back, in the process adopting that statuesque and graceful pose which, after a hundred or more rounds have been fired, becomes as steady as when shooting is done in the lying position.

### SHOOTING ROOKS WITH MORRIS TUBES.

A story about rook shooting which I cannot forbear telling has reference to the period of most acute food shortage during the war. Happening to be on a committee whose duty was to sweep in unconsidered trifles such as are classed *ferræ naturæ*, I made a recommendation which finally reached the chief of the then Board of Agriculture, to the effect that the very material supplies of meat procurable in the form of young rooks might be made available by an easily worked association between the Food Production Department and the two organisations

which represent miniature rifle clubs. My plan was that the country clubs should be circularised for the purpose of ascertaining the owners of rookeries in their district, and that the last named should be invited to allow the young birds to be procured under safeguards calculated to ensure every regard for safety and so forth—guarantees which were not necessary, but would allay the fears of persons ignorant of what rook shooting implies. The idea was not only turned down with contumely, but it was quoted in association with my name by the chairman of a meeting of august leaders in agricultural organisation as an example of the nonsensical notions which were flung at busy men, apparently for no other purpose than to distract their attention from the grave preoccupations of the moment. The suggestion was summarised as one for shooting rooks with "Morris Tubes." Just what deadly artillery projectile the speaker had in mind I have never been able to ascertain. The thing so called is a slender instrument which up to twenty years ago was used to reduce the bore of the Service rifle to .230 calibre nominal, for the purpose of enabling it to fire a tiny cartridge having the same ballistics as the present .22. Since the elderly among us remember the .480 rook cartridge and have watched the descent to a tiny 40-grain slug, clearly something in the twelve-pounder category must have been envisioned.

### TWO LONDON SCHOOLS.

Some weeks ago I paid visits to a brace of Public Schools in the vicinity of London—Whitgift during the lunch interval, and King's College School, Wimbledon, in the late afternoon when class work had finished and sport in its various departments was being indulged in. At the former I found Major L. J. Jones and his trusty shooting eight, each with a packet of sandwiches, ready to adjourn to the range, which for the time being



AT KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON.

is that belonging to the local Territorial organisation. The school range only permits practice at 20yds., but plans are under discussion for the erection of a new structure commensurate with the importance which practice with the miniature calibre has taken on in recent years. The borrowed range is underground, being lighted only at the target end, heavy curtains shutting off such light as must necessarily be provided for those waiting their turn to shoot. Keenness and proficiency are so strongly in evidence that I hope before long to be able to record the installation of a worthy setting for this estimable combination. At Wimbledon I found Captain C. H. Dann, a true sample of the very busy man who can always find room for a principal interest outside regular work. He is well backed by his sergeant-major, while the team members, as usually happens, conduct their work rather with the sense of responsibility of men than the alleged inconsequence of youth. They know the importance of having good tools in order to do good work, but need a little expert guidance as to the methods of keeping them in first-class fettle. We spent a happy half-hour in the armoury—scrubbing, cleaning and viewing with magnifying glass, in order literally to get to the bottom of certain suspicious-looking streaks which had formed near the chamber. Their range is an enclosure open to the sky, but the unfortunate adoption of steel stop plates results in a good deal of splash, this in turn having led to too much overhang of the roof over the targets, with the result that illumination on the face of the target is deficient. Reconstruction will probably be undertaken in the near future.

## A MONOGRAPH OF THE PHEASANTS

THE fourth, and final, volume of Mr. William Beebe's *Monograph of the Pheasants* has now been published, and it contains the Golden Pheasant (*Chrysolophus*) with two forms, the Bronze-tailed Peacock Pheasants (*Chalcurus*) with two forms, the Peacock Pheasants (*Polyplectron*) with six forms, the Ocellated Pheasants (*Rheinardius*) with two forms, the Argus Pheasants (*Argusianus*) with three forms—one of which, it may be noticed, is known only from the portion of a primary feather of a male bird—and the Peafowl (*Pavo*) with two forms. A chapter is added on "The care of pheasants in captivity," a note on *Acomys erythrophthalmus inornatus* recognises the Sumatran Crestless Fireback as a sub-species, and an index, comprising over 2,800 references, to all four volumes completes the work.

Of the twenty-three coloured plates which embellish this, the fourth, volume, two are by Mr. A. Thorburn, three by Mr. L. A. Fuertes, four by Mr. C. R. Knight, and seven each by Messrs. G. E. Lodge and H. Grönvold, whose plate illustrating the plumage of the Himalayan Impeyan Pheasant (omitted from Vol. I, page 142) is here included. In addition to the coloured plates there are twenty-seven admirable photogravures, all of them reproduced from photographs by the author, with the exception of two, showing the display of the Peacock Pheasant, which are by Mr. D. Seth-Smith. Six coloured diagrammatic maps giving the distribution of the pheasants described in the volume are added.

It is an invidious task to select any particular part or portion for comment, but the coloured plates illustrating the evolution of the eyes on the wing-feathers of the Argus Pheasant and on a peacock's train cannot escape mention; of these latter the author writes :

The beginnings of these marvellous ocelli must have been first visible on the plumage of some far distant ancestor of all peafowl, perhaps a hundred thousand years ago. Yet to-day in the train of an individual bird we may clearly trace their development of pattern and pigment.

It is a terrible indictment of twentieth century civilisation to read that :

Many decades will pass before the last Malay Peacock Pheasant is driven from its haunts. It is guarded so well by a host of tropical terrors, which rise at every foot and dispute one's advance into its realm, that until the last mile of fever swamp is drained and the last valley cleared of its leech-filled underbrush these pheasants will exist, skulking through the jungles and carrying on their small businesses of life hidden from all save the lowly forest folk. It is a land of dreadful silences, filled with gorgeous birds and butterflies, where man alone finds life unbearable.

Mr. Beebe's wonderful gift of graphic writing has already been a matter of remark, and his description of these Malayan leeches is positively creepy :

Once when I knew that a pheasant was somewhere near by, I crouched waiting among the undergrowth. In five minutes, although not a breath of air stirred, yet every leaf near me was a-quiver. Hundreds upon hundreds of the tiny thread-like forms were coming toward me from all directions. A score were upon my shoes; I could feel the tremor of many looping along the brim of my toe. One began to feel for a hold on my neck. Finally, nature could stand it no longer, and I dashed to the nearest log and freed myself from as many as possible. Several always succeeded in reaching their goal, and day after day I would return with shoes and stockings soaked with blood. These birds were indeed the real blood pheasants. While I waited for the birds which I knew came daily to scratch and feed near the banks of a small stream, I watched one of the leeches. From my puttee I flicked it upon the log, as it happened, to windward of me. Instantly it stood straight upright—a sinister, mottled form like no other living creature I have ever seen. Bending down I blew gently toward it. Like a flash the sensitive bulb which does duty as a head began to quiver, and once on the right scent it began cautiously to loop in my direction. Every loop brought the scent to it stronger; faster and faster it came until it seemed almost to circle over the surface of the log. It reached me, and I stood upon it with my full weight, but, tough as a bag of leather, it rolled out unhurt.

Let us hear how Mr. Beebe deals with a more pleasing theme—the last hours of the dying day on a Bornean stream :

The sun was hidden in a blaze of yellow and gold clouds before it sank, so this gave a long twilight, an unusual thing in the tropics. Then an afterglow tinted the eastern clouds violet and pale wine colour. The two banks of the river became darker, duskier green, and finally all but the sky-mirrored outermost leaves changed to black. The sky was pale blue; the muddy water a nameless, beautiful brown. The banks had been lifeless much of the day, the jungle folk keeping to the inner forests. Now, however, in the cool of the early evening, birds' voices were heard. Small flocks of fruit pigeons dashed over the trees. Large mynas perched on the few isolated tall trees, and now and then great doves with white breasts swung swiftly across the river. . . . Then came, unannounced, the sight of sights. . . . A male Argus was drinking from a rain-pool. . . . I watched it thus for a minute, two minutes, then my attention wandered momentarily to something near at hand, and when I looked back the bird was just disappearing. At least I had seen a wild Argus, and brief though the glimpse had been,

I felt a great superiority to my fellow white men the world over, who had not seen an Argus Pheasant in its native home.

Truly Mr. Beebe has the pen of a ready writer, as those of us are already aware who have read his books "Jungle Peace" and "The Edge of the Jungle": books, it may be noted, which do not deal with the jungles of the Far East but of British Guiana.

For the sake of accuracy it may be pointed out that the first important mention of the Golden Pheasant is by Eleazar Albin in his "Natural History of Birds," which was published in 1738 (not 1740), where he calls it "the Red Pheasant Cock from China" (Vol. III, page 34, plate 36); and that George Edwards in 1747 ("A Natural History of Birds," Part II, page 68, plate 68) criticises Albin's plate and terms the bird "the Painted Pheasant from China." When dealing with the peacock Mr. Beebe quotes from Pliny, but his translation would appear to err on the side of freedom, and his detailed description of the geographical range of the Annam Ocellated Pheasant is by no means clear.

The above is but a brief review of the final volume of this gorgeous monograph, of which the previous volumes have been noticed in COUNTRY LIFE of August 31st, 1918, July 23rd, 1921, and July 15th, 1922. It must always be remembered that, though the work is published under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society, it owes its inception to the generosity of Colonel Anthony R. Kuser of Bernardsville, New Jersey, but its completion—or rather, the style in which it has been completed—is due to the personal energies of Mr. William Beebe. It need not be reiterated in detail that the preparation of the book was begun in 1910, and that Mr. Beebe personally consulted not only the great type collections in the British and Continental museums, but also visited over twenty countries in search of first-hand information concerning the habits of pheasants in their natural environments. It may, however, be noted here that Mr. Beebe is a much better writer than this rather technical treatise on pheasants would lead one to expect. It has been said of him that he is a field naturalist who is also a man of letters and a man of action who has described for us the magic and interest, the terror and beauty of the far-off wilds where nature gives peace to bold souls and inspires terror in the timid. He gives us records of extraordinary scientific interest, in language which has all the charm of an essay of Robert Louis Stevenson, and in descriptive power he can almost rival J. Henri Fabre, while in simplicity of style he has been likened to Gilbert White.

A review of a book which fails to be a *critique* is of but little value. There can be no doubt that *A Monograph of the Pheasants* will prove to be the monograph on the subject, and it is singularly free from errors. It would, however, have been an improvement had the scale to which each coloured plate is drawn been indicated, and it is always a matter of regret when more than one artist is employed to illustrate a book of this nature, for the individual treatment of a subject is of necessity different and must therefore lead to comparisons which are odious. Since the coloured plates form such an outstanding feature of this work, and since several old-time naturalists such as Albin and Edwards are not infrequently mentioned, it would have been of much interest to have included reproductions of some of their crude plates to compare with the modern achievements of the present-day lithographer. When dealing with *Phasianus colchicus* and its allies it might have been expected that the dates of their introduction to foreign climes would have been given, and it would have been interesting to have been told how these importations subsequently fared. But the two chief faults of the monograph—if faults they may be termed—are its price (£50) and its format (16ins. by 12ins.). The price is prohibitive to a large number of persons who would profit by its perusal, and its format renders it inaccessible for the ready reference it deserves. It will be remembered that the Report of the Committee of Enquiry on Grouse Disease, published in 1911, in two volumes, as "The Grouse in Health and in Disease," was issued a year later in popular and cheaper form; it is not known what success attended this venture, but, if it were practicable, a similar publication of Mr. Beebe's book would enable the public to enjoy a work which can at present only be regarded as a luxury attainable by the few.

These remarks are not made by way of disparagement: the history of the pheasants of the world was a subject not to be dealt with cursorily, and the four volumes which make up this *Monograph of the Pheasants* are so ideal in every respect and reflect such high credit on all concerned in their production that it seems a pity that it should not have the widest possible circulation.

H. S. G.

*W. Nutt.*

THE VISIT RETURNED

*G. Morland*

